THE EDITORS: NO TO ROBERT GATES

OCTOBER 14, 1991 · $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Fall Books: Roger Shattuck on Sarah Bernhardt, Robert B. Reich on George Soros

HATE STORY

My Vasectomy
By Scott Shuger

The black-Jewish feud in eights—and beyond

nkel Rosenbaum, by David Evanier

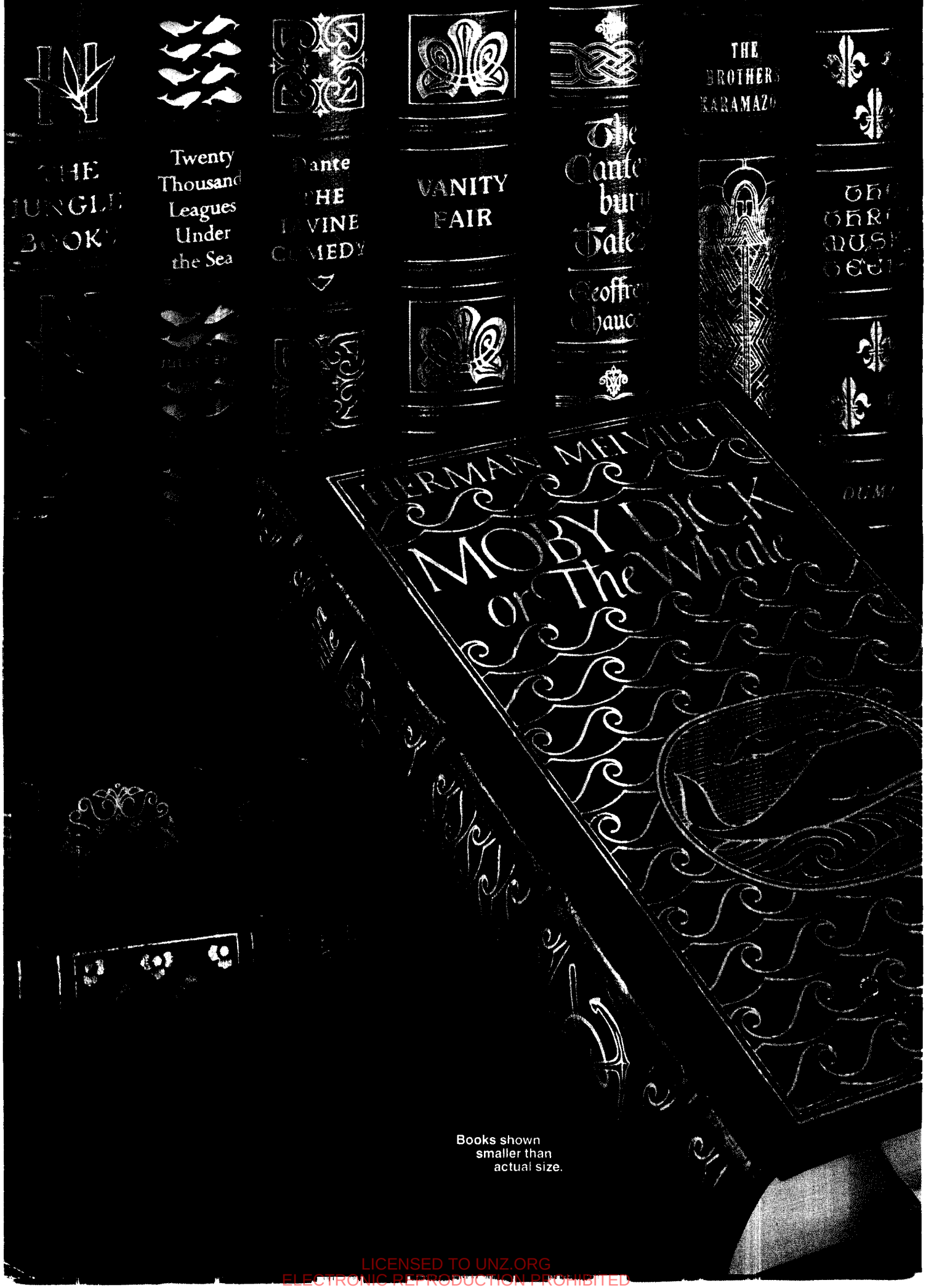
e melting pot, by Jonathan Rieder

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 11 93
ROY HAMMER LIB ED60
PO BOX 111 #GB37
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

#BXBKDML*********3-DIGIT 757
#LABAOR00099 8#609976 58

787445 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Books shown smaller than actual size.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Own one of these leather-bound books for only $4.95...the price of a paperback!

THE 100 GREATEST BOOKS EVER WRITTEN

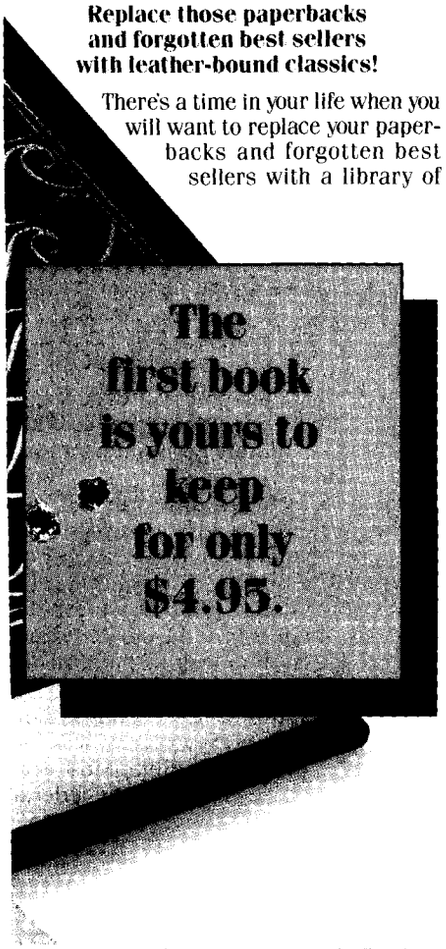
The finest edition you can find of Moby Dick is the great Easton Press leather-bound edition. Now you can have this luxurious book (a wonderful value at its regular price of $38.00) for the price of a paperback—only $4.95—with no obligation to buy any other book. You can keep Moby Dick for $4.95 forever!

Why is The Easton Press making this, dare we say it, whale of a deal? Because we think you'll be delighted and astonished when you see the quality of your first Easton Press leather-bound edition. When you feel the quality of the leather, and hold the heft of the book. When you look at the beauty of the binding, and see the gleam of the 22kt gold inlaid on the spine!

Frankly, we are hoping you will be so taken with this first volume that you will want to own additional leather-bound editions from The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written. But you are under no obligation to do so.

Replace those paperbacks and forgotten best sellers with leather-bound classics!

There's a time in your life when you will want to replace your paperbacks and forgotten best sellers with a library of beautiful and important books. That's what a great library is all about...books so magnificent that they are your pride and joy... a statement about you. And a library of leather-bound books is the best of all.



Each book bound in genuine leather with accents of 22kt gold.

Real Value!

The books in this collection are a *genuine* value, not cheap reprints. Not poor-quality editions in imitation leather. Easton Press editions are the real thing. Real leather editions of the finest quality. Heirloom books elegantly bound and printed on acid-free paper so that they will last for generations.

Yet the cost is not expensive. For little more than the price of ordinary-looking hardcover books you can own these extraordinary editions — books that are admired and collected in 131 countries around the world. Books that you will be proud to display in your home — forever!

Classics by Brontë. Dickens. Dostoyevsky. Shakespeare. Twain.

Who remembers most of yesterday's best sellers? You can be sure the world will never forget the works of Shakespeare. Milton. Dostoyevsky. Dickens. Tolstoy. Twain. These are the greatest authors of all time — represented here by their greatest works! (We include a list of all the titles with your $4.95 book; you then get to choose which books **you** want to receive!)

Each volume is custom-bound for you.

You don't see luxurious leather-bound books in most homes, which is all the more reason you'll be proud to see them in yours! Nor do you see these Easton Press leather editions for sale in bookstores. They are made available directly to you — with no bookstore mark-up and no distribution excesses. This is what lets us keep the price low and the quality high.

Superior craftsmanship and materials go into each Easton Press edition. Premium-quality leather. Acid-neutral paper. Gilded page ends. Satin ribbon page markers. Moiré fabric endsheets. Superb illustrations. Hubbed spines accented with precious 22kt gold.

At just $4.95 you have nothing to lose!

Own Moby Dick for $4.95. For the price of a paperback, own this luxurious edition outright. Then, whether you buy anything further is entirely up to you. Obviously, you get this book for a fraction of what it costs us to make. We do so in confidence that you will be truly impressed.

To take us up on this unusual opportunity, simply call us, toll free, at the number shown, or mail the reservation application below.

CALL TOLL FREE:
1-800-367-4534, Ext. 1-4462

The Easton Press

© 1991 MBI

Reservation Application

The Easton Press
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Yes...send my leather-bound edition of Moby Dick for me to keep forever at just $4.95...and reserve my subscription to The 100 Greatest Books Ever Written. If I like this book, send me further editions at the rate of one per month at $38.00* each—with this price ($38.00) held firm for the next two full years!

I understand you will send me a list of all the titles in the collection. I can tell you which, if any, I do not want, and I am free to tell you then to send me no further books at all if that is my decision. I may return any book within 30 days for a refund, and either party may cancel this subscription agreement at any time.

Here's how I want to pay for my $4.95 Moby Dick and future volumes (unless I tell you to cancel):

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Discover

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

☐ I prefer to pay by check. ($4.95 enclosed).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

All orders subject to acceptance.

*Plus $3.45 for shipping and handling and any applicable sales tax.

1-4462

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Through a glass darkly

To the editors:

Can people who are chauffeured to lunch a block away make good judgments about energy policy ("All the President's Perks" by Fred Barnes, September 2)? Do the tinted windows of the White House limousines allow a view of the many homeless people on the streets of Washington? Do the pampered passengers on Air Force One have any idea of what it is like to take a long trip on an Amtrak train in which the bathroom drains are clogged?

There must be ways to encourage Washington bureaucrats and policymakers to be more aware of the problems of the real world. I live in a pleasant neighborhood in a relatively quiet college town, but my attitude toward the problems of the homeless changed completely when I started volunteering at a local shelter. Would it be completely unreasonable to suggest that people in responsible government positions "earn" their perks?

JERRY REES
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Chutzpah, cont'd.

To the editors:

I was observed laughing out loud when I read the line, "If you bleed us, are we not pricks?" (Washington Diarist, "Cabalist Kibitzing" by Leon Wieseltier, July 29). Everyone to whom I then read it also laughed. And I went out of my way to read it even to those whom I thought of as suffering from a shtetl mentality somewhat akin to that of Alan M. Dershowitz. And later they laughed again, when I showed them the line, "I have shown it to a dozen smart and funny people, and none gets the point, the joke, or even the meaning" ("Chutzpah" by Alan M. Dershowitz, Correspondence, September 2).

Alas, our mirth has subsided, since we realized how dumb we really are. Not one of us felt we could find words even to begin to explain the line to Mr. Dershowitz—much less to explain to him the second punch line that he himself provided. And we realized how humorless we are, since our minds have slowly turned to questions of the most prosaic kind. Is it possible that Mr. Dershowitz knows just a dozen people who are smart and funny, but many more who aren't? Did he show the line to just those dozen? Or did he decide who the dozen were by their reaction to the line? Or does he know just a dozen people, who just happen to be smart and funny? And why did he consult the dozen before writing his letter? Does he suspect that he might not be smart and funny?

JUDITH EDEN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Monstrous

To the editors:

I was stunned that Hendrik Hertzberg failed to capitalize on an enormous opportunity for just the sort of biting, darkly ironic humor that caused me originally to subscribe to TNR ("The Child Monarch," September 9). The misuse of the word "enormity" in this passage taken from President Reagan's *An American Life* is a grammatical howler if ever there was one:

> It was only then, as Nancy and I walked hand in hand down the great Central Hall [on the evening of his inaugural] that it hit home that I was president ... it was only then that I realized the enormity of what had happened to me.

The American Heritage Dictionary defines "enormity" as "a monstrous offense or evil; an outrage," and notes, "Enormity is not used acceptably when it is applied to indicate mere size, without the accompanying sense of outrageousness, wickedness, or evil."

LYNN M. BRUNO
San Mateo, California

Silence = Hypocrisy

To the editors:

Andrew Sullivan's oddly named anti-outing piece "Sleeping with the Enemy" (Washington Diarist, September 9) must be refuted for buying into the assumption that gayness is something that nobody can comment on. An unwritten rule of mainstream journalism is that unless a gay public figure says on the record that she or he is gay, then that person is assumed to be straight. Sort of innocent until admitted guilty.

Yet sexual orientation is like being left-handed or Jewish, divorced or dating, Asian or Icelandic. If those facts are adequately verified, then they may be duly reported. No need for an on-the-record admission.

Outing public officials is not an authoritarian attack on privacy by some fringe element bent on political correctness. Quite the contrary. It's an innocent's attack on hypocrisy and deceit. Printing the truth will liberate everyone so we may progress to other matters.

MARSHAL A. PHILLIPS
Los Angeles, California

Liberal reading

To the editors:

In "Class, Not Race" (TRB, August 19 & 26), Michael Kinsley totally misrepresented what I said in my *Washington Post* op-ed on my nomination to the National Council on the Humanities. I neither "suggested" nor even implied that I was rejected for the council because of my working-class background. What I wrote was, "While a number of my supporters have taken note of my working-class background, the real significance of that to me is that I of all people know that a traditional, liberal arts education is the opposite of elitist, because I know that it opened up to me the large and expansive life of the mind." I was deflecting attention from the simpler invocations of ethnicity or class made by some of my supporters to the idea that a good education in the humanities can benefit all types of students, and I was countering the current insistence that "marginal" groups need special education in their own group identity. Mr. Kinsley seems to have picked up the reading habits of today's students who think that whatever associations go through their minds as they read something can be seen to be "suggested" by the author, and thus they don't even bother to check against the original.

CAROL IANNONE
New York, New York

Remedial education

To the editors:

In his article on the Stanford scandal ("Schools for Scandal," August 19 & 26) Brian Hecht uncritically accepts the universities' claim that a reduction in federal overhead payments would result in "a net loss of research." Most university faculty—the people who actually conduct the research—vehemently dispute that assertion, and with good reason.

The money for overhead payments comes directly out of the federal research and development budget. If less money is siphoned out of those accounts to subsidize university administration, more money remains to fund researchers. And it is the work of the researchers, not the administrators, that is "supposed to be a primary means of fostering America's ... competitiveness." That's why faculty groups have fought for years—long before the current scandals broke—to limit overhead payments to universities.

The administrators' assertion that they will cut research if they receive less for overhead is just not credible. Most academic research is funded by the federal

continued on page 52

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quality is Job 1.[SM]

"I engine assembly everything is important."

Jose Perez, Engine Assembly,
Ford Employee for 21 years.

Profile in Quality #24: Expertise

Everything that Jose Perez does, from assembling a camshaft to tightening the smallest nut or bolt on today's high-tech engines, is critical to your car's performance.

Jose is one of over 366,000 Ford people worldwide who are committed to making quality Job 1.

Our goal is to build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world.

Ford

Ford Motor Company

FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN, FORD TRUCKS

Buckle up—Together we can save lives.

Always insist on genuine Ford Motor Company collision repair parts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Don't be pushy

The cringing ethnic is a pathetic specimen in American culture, whether it is Uncle Tom meekly defending his Master for selling him down the river ("It goes agin me to hear one word agin Mas'r.... He couldn't be spected to think so much of poor Tom. Mas'rs is used to havin' all these yer things done for 'em, and nat'lly they don't think so much on't. They can't be spected to, no way.") or Walter Lippmann oleaginously agreeing with Harvard's WASP president, A. Lawrence Lowell, that the university ought to have fewer Jews ("bad for the immigrant Jews as well as for Harvard if there were too great a concentration"). One blessing of the existence of Israel is that it relieved pressure on Jews elsewhere to cringe, assimilate, "normalize" themselves. Being Jewish became normal.

Nevertheless, Alan Dershowitz's best-selling book, *Chutzpah* (Little, Brown), makes me, as an American Jew, cringe. And so does the lobbying campaign for $10 billion in American loan guarantees to Israel for the absorption of Soviet Jews, which partakes of the spirit of chutzpah, if not of *Chutzpah*. (Dershowitz's book has already been skewered in these pages. See Leon Wieseltier's Washington Diarist, TNR, July 29.)

Although President Bush seems to have succeeded in getting the matter put off a few months, Israel continues to demand the money while making no concession whatever on the matter of settlements in the West Bank. The United States government favors the principle of "land for peace" (as do most American Jews and probably most Israelis as well). These settlements are openly intended by the Shamir government to make a "land-for-peace" deal of any sort impossible. Whatever you think of the settlements issue on the merits, to ask another huge favor of a country that is already giving you $3 billion or so cash every year, and to stick your thumb in that country's eye at the same time, is a good enough definition of chutzpah till something better comes along.

Dershowitz says, "American Jews need more chutzpah." They "are not pushy or assertive enough" to protect their own interests or Israel's. They still act like "second-class citizens" overly worried about how they appear to gentiles. He discerns a subtle new form of anti-Jewishness, replacing the cruder anti-Semitism of the past, which he clumsily calls "Judeopathy." It consists of a "double standard" under which Jews and Israel are held up to "super-scrutiny" and criticized for behavior tolerated uncritically in others. In particular, the role of Jews in helping Israel through the American political process is simply an exercise in first-class citizenship. "That is the American way." Chutzpah is patriotic!

But are there not limits to chutzpah, both as a political strategy and as a lifestyle?

To start, claiming that the fruits of Jewish political chutzpah are merely Jews' fair share in the American system moves you onto dangerous logical ground. Because of their organized determination, general civic involvement, social prominence, and—yes—financial success, Jews enjoy political influence out of proportion to their share in the population. That does not mean disproportionate in any right-and-wrong sense. Nor does it say anything about the substantive merits of any particular Jewish cause. But the suggestion that American politics is or should be a scramble among interest groups to split the American pie does not lead to the conclusion that Jews are entitled to a bigger piece.

Furthermore, one problem with American politics is that too much of it is indeed an interest group scramble. The days when "pluralism" seemed an unalloyed blessing are long gone. The demands of Americans as members of narrow interest groups often undermine their interests as citizens of society as a whole. The deficit is a concrete expression of this problem. Urging Jews to flex their chutzpah without restraint, then granting them absolution on grounds that this is "the American way," is advice less patriotic and more cynical than it seems at first.

But, even measured cynically, is it good advice? Moderating your chutzpah for fear of appearing "pushy" may be psychologically demeaning, but it may also be politically sensible. AIPAC, the American pro-Israel lobby, will be happy to explain to Professor Dershowitz that what the gentiles think does matter. Appearances do count, after all, and the appearance of an all-powerful Jewish lobby that will stop at nothing to get its way is self-defeating. In a way, American Jewish political influence is like the Israeli nuclear capability: it must be denied, but not too convincingly. Unabashed chutzpah is not the best tool for this delicate task.

On a personal level, what is wrong with not wanting to seem pushy? The standard chutzpah jokes—the man who kills his parents then pleads for mercy because he is an orphan, etc.—are funny precisely because the behavior they describe is appalling. Ethnic traits are a sensitive subject, and rightly so. I don't even object to the unwritten rule that you—especially if you are an outsider—can ascribe good traits to an ethnic group (music, humor, intelligence) but not bad ones. Logically, though, the possibility of the one category existing suggests the possibility of the other.

But leave that aside. Unattractive behavior is unattractive, whether or not it is an ethnic stereotype and whether or not that stereotype has any validity. Irishmen, like anyone else, shouldn't drink too much. It would be a foolish response to the stereotype of Irishmen to say, "I'll show them," and go get plastered. Pushiness isn't nice behavior, and I intend to try to avoid it. I hope that doesn't make me an Uncle Tom, or an Uncle Walter.

As for the double standard Dershowitz complains of, it certainly exists and is not new. That double standard is a large part of the basis for American support of Israel: $77 billion in aid (1991 dollars) in the past quarter century. In a world of nations clamoring for American support—many of them poorer than Israel or more directly vital to America's national interest—Israel's moral superiority to other nations has been its Unique Selling Proposition. That is a practical asset the Shamir government seems intent on squandering.

Theologically, Jews are supposed to believe that they are held under "super-scrutiny" not just by gentiles but by God himself. We are the "chosen people"—remember?—and are expected to behave better than others. History certainly confirms this special burden on Jews, as well as their pretty impressive record of rising to meet the challenge. Here in America, where the burden is after all pretty light, even those Jews who don't necessarily buy into the God part generally take pride in the history, happily accept the challenge, and wouldn't trade either for a mess of chutzpah. We don't want to be that normal.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of

OCTOBER 14, 1991

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,004

RECEIVED
OCT 1 1991

Cover photo © 1991 Clark Jones/Impact Visuals. Articles on pages 21 and 26.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Knocking perks, in defense of 'outing,' &c.

6 **MICHAEL KINSLEY** TRB: DON'T BE PUSHY The case against chutzpah.

9 **THE EDITORS** WATERGATES Iranamok isn't the only problem for George Bush's CIA nominee. He flubbed our Iraq and Soviet policies as well. NOTEBOOK The INS vs. pianists, &c.

12 **FRED BARNES** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: HORNER'S NEST How Connie Horner, neoconservative mole, became the most successful woman in the Bush administration.

14 **GEORGE KANNAR** THOMAS & BENEDICT The nominee and his patron saint.

16 **GREGORY FREIDIN** COUP II Meet Davlat Khudonazarov, the Vaclav Havel of Tadzhikistan, fighting a second Communist putsch in his homeland.

18 **SCOTT SHUGER** KINDEST CUT The story of my vasectomy.

21 **DAVID EVANIER** INVISIBLE MAN Why did New York stand silent after Yankel Rosenbaum was lynched? HOOD RAP A conversation among some of Brooklyn's black leadership.

26 **JONATHAN RIEDER** CROWN OF THORNS The complex ethnic, racial, and religious web of Brooklyn's Crown Heights suggests that black anti-Semitism is only the beginning of the neighborhood's problems.

32 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: MUNICIPAL BONDS In his gloomy *City of Hope*, John Sayles delves into urban anarchy with candor and verve.

34 **ROGER SHATTUCK** THE SACRED MONSTER *The Divine Sarah: A Life of Sarah Bernhardt* by Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

38 **JOHN B. JUDIS** HEART OF DARKNESS *Chain Reaction: The Impact of Race, Rights, and Taxes on American Politics* by Thomas Byrne Edsall with Mary D. Edsall

42 **PETER GREEN** THE VILLAGE CLASSICIST *Repetitions, Testimonies, Parentheses* and *Selected Poems, 1938-1988* by Yannis Ritsos

50 **ROBERT B. REICH** WITHOUT FOUNDATIONS *Underwriting Democracy* by George Soros

51 **JEAN ALICE JACOBSON** POEM *Skater*

54 **JACOB WEISBERG** WASHINGTON DIARIST: MIATA CULPA

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG (on leave)

Acting Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, MORTON KONDRACKE, JACOB WEISBERG, ROBERT WRIGHT

Editor, New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PETER EDIDIN

Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD

Art
MARK STEVENS

Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, ROBERT COLES, STANLEY CROUCH, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK, ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Editors
KAREN LEHRMAN, LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH

Assistant Literary Editor
ALEXANDER STAR

Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Manager
ANGELINA HAN

Production Assistant
AMY E. KNOX

Reporter-Researchers
ANDREW BATES, JONATHAN BINES, MATTHEW LEVIE, MATTHEW REES

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
H. EDWARD YOUNG, JR.

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Director
JENNIFER BARRETT

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

Circulation Manager
PATTI NAJDA

Advertising Assistant
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Accounting Assistant
CHRISTINE SCHAUT

Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM

Director of Joint Advertising Sales
The New Republic/National Review
JAMES J. McCABE

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 205, Number 16, Issue 4,004, October 14, 1991. (Printed in the U.S. on September 25, 1991.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 7 & 14, July 15 & 22, Aug. 19 & 26, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1991) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic/National Review joint advertising (212) 679-7330. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1991 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE WE STAND

By Albert Shanker, President of the American Federation of Teachers

No Gain Without Pain

Solving Our Education Crisis

For the past couple of weeks, I've presented evidence from the National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) math exams and elsewhere indicating that private schools do not outperform public schools. When all is said and done, the NAEP exams tell us, kids who are about to graduate from private school are achieving at about the same low level as public school kids.

This is a shocking result given what we've been led to expect. After all, private schools have more advantaged students. They have no collective bargaining and no union contracts. They can pick their students—and expel them if they turn out to be troublemakers. They don't have to worry about government regulations or due process or dealing with handicapped students. Given the constraints that public schools work within—and from which private schools are free—why are the two sectors getting the same poor results?

Students learn because of the work they do. The fact that students in other industrialized countries know more than our kids means they work more. And the fact that students in private schools are achieving at about the same low level as public school students means they're doing about the same tiny amount of work. We should not be surprised at this. Most people work because they must. If Congress passed a law tomorrow saying that work was voluntary but that people would go on drawing their same pay and benefits whether they worked or not, the country would fall apart. But that's what we've said to our kids.

College-bound students from private as well as public schools know they'll be able to find a college that will accept them, no matter how poor their grades are or how little they know. All they'll need is a high school diploma and, usually, money. The one exception is students who hope to attend elite colleges; they have to work very hard indeed.

As for going to work from high school, all students know that employers don't ask to see high school transcripts and don't even offer decent jobs to high school graduates until they are twenty-four or so, if then. So a student who has worked hard at rigorous courses will be competing for the same poor job at the same low pay as a student who has filled his schedule with soft courses that he barely passed. These bad lessons are being learned by students in public and private schools alike.

What about parents? Why aren't they making sure their children apply themselves? That's easy. Whether their kids are in public or private schools, most parents won't be successful in pressuring them to work harder when the kids can say, "Why are you torturing me? I've already done what I have to in order to get what I want and you want for me."

One solution is for American businesses to link getting jobs to high school achievement and for colleges to do the same thing in setting admission standards. Elementary and secondary schools would then have support for upholding standards. Parents would have support when they said, "Unless you work harder, you're not going to make it." Our students would see a reason to achieve—and they would.

But incentives for students will not do the job alone. We also need a system of incentives to stimulate improvement in the schools. Supporters usually present private-school choice as such a system, with the incentive for public schools being, "Shape up or lose your customers to private schools." But given the poor results in private as well as public schools, it's hard to see how getting the two sectors to compete will improve the education our students are getting. Besides, there's no evidence that schools would be chosen on the basis of educational excellence. From what we already know about choice, a good location or a day care program or top-notch sports facilities are more likely to dictate the choice of a school than a first-class academic program.

So choice may be a terrific incentive for getting schools to work at attracting customers, but it's a dubious one for getting schools to focus on improving student achievement. The only way to do that is to design incentives that would reward the entire staff of a school for success in consistently improving student achievement and single out or even punish the staff of a school where students consistently failed to improve. This is a radical idea and a controversial one. We would need to test it to see what incentives work and when and how. But the idea of basing school accountability on private school choice is also radical and controversial, and NAEP and other results tell us it is unlikely to work.

The President's private school choice program is cheap in every way; it doesn't cost any money or any pain. There *are* solutions for the problems that face our schools—just as there are solutions for the health care crisis and the budget crisis—but pursuing any of them will cost us something, and the President prefers a program that requires no sacrifice. We know, however, that in education, as in these other areas, gimmicks and slogans will not solve our problems. We won't have improvement in education until kids know, and school staffs know, that there are consequences for success and failure—until we accept the fact that there will be no gain without pain.

MR. SHANKER'S COMMENTS APPEAR IN THIS AD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS. READER CORRESPONDENCE IS INVITED. ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO MR. SHANKER AT THE AFT, 555 NEW JERSEY AVE., N.W., WASHINGTON, DC 20001. © 1991 BY ALBERT SHANKER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

OCTOBER 14, 1991

WATERGATES

As the cases of Clarence Thomas and Robert Gates illustrate, George Bush has turned the process of getting potentially difficult nominees confirmed by the U.S. Senate into a cynical science. The system works as follows: First, lay down a propaganda barrage such that senators think they can't reject the nominee unless they find smoking proof that he committed a crime, has flat-out lied to Congress, or has views that are extravagantly out of sync with "mainstream" thinking. Second, make sure the nominee says nothing that gives his opponents ammunition to use against him. Mr. Thomas, the president's Supreme Court nominee, said it would be inappropriate for him to comment on most sticky potential judicial issues; Mr. Gates, nominated to be the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, said he simply couldn't recall key meetings in 1986 at which people say they told him that proceeds from the sale of arms to Iran were being used to fund the Nicaraguan contras.

Third, have the nominee come into his confirmation hearings with a cloying personal story—in Mr. Thomas's case, of a poverty-stricken childhood; in Mr. Gates's, of arriving in Washington twenty-five years ago with all of his possessions in the back of a '65 Mustang and a mind intent on public service. And fourth, have the nominee tell senators exactly what they want to hear. Mr. Thomas dismissed his previous firm pronouncements on natural law as mere amateur philosophizing. Mr. Gates apologized for all past errors that he hadn't forgotten. The Senate Judiciary Committee greeted Mr. Thomas's performance with frustrated skepticism. Most members of the Senate Intelligence Committee, led by chairman David Boren, merely swooned into Mr. Gates's arms.

The system is so stacked—and senatorial inquisitors generally are so inept—that a citizen can't depend upon the confirmation process to separate acceptable nominees from unacceptable ones. With Mr. Thomas, it was hard to judge his genuine skills in the context of the proceedings that required him to dissemble and fudge. Balancing his previous record, hearings performance, and future promise, we concluded that Mr. Thomas was worth a gamble. Performing the same process, we conclude Mr. Gates is not. The reasons have to do with his role in Iranamok and with his misjudgments of developments in the Soviet Union and the Gulf. We also doubt that a career CIA insider and Soviet analyst is the proper person to guide U.S. intelligence through the subtler, often riskier times ahead.

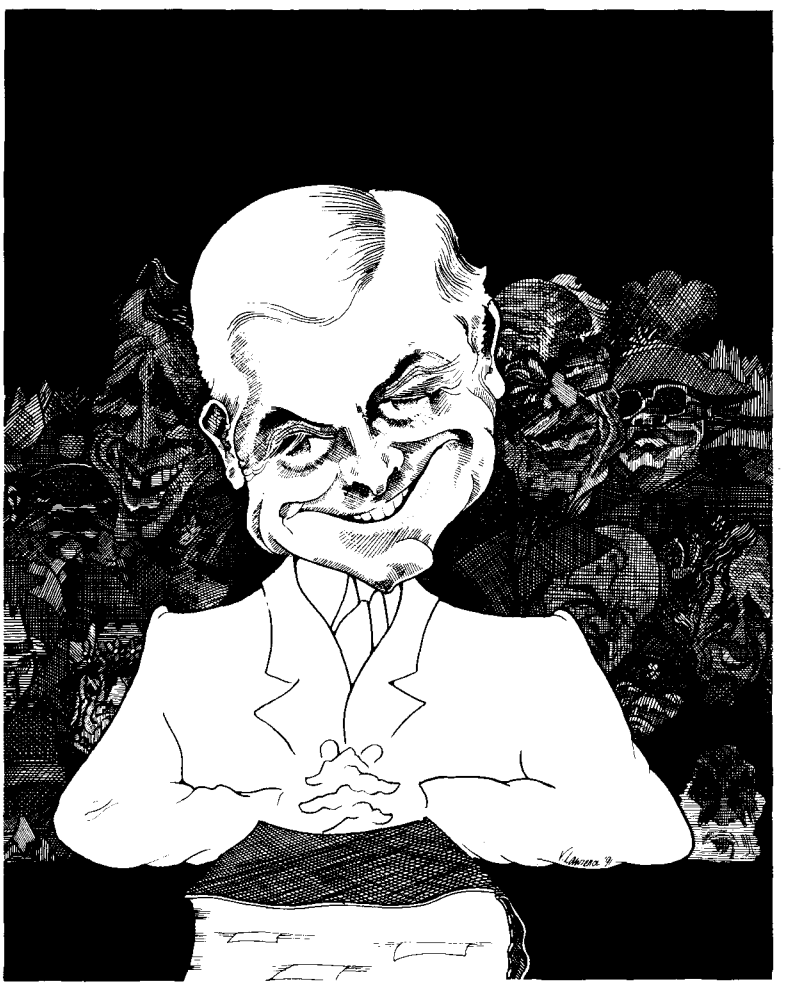
Mr. Gates claims he first heard of the possible diversion of profits from Iran arms sales to the contras on October 1, 1986, a month before the scandal became public, despite the fact that he was the deputy director of the CIA and that his subordinates were involved in both selling arms and aiding contras. He says he was kept in the dark about the operation by Director William Casey and Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, and that even when he heard about it from CIA analyst Charles Allen, the evidence was too "flimsy" to act upon. So when the scandal broke and he helped prepare Casey testimony about Iranamok that proved misleading, he was innocent of any deception. In 1987, when Mr. Gates was first nominated to be CIA director, he stonewalled when committee members asked him about his 1986 conduct. As opposition mounted, he withdrew his nomination. This year, under expert coaching, he changed his tactic and apologized. "I should have been more skeptical of what I was told," he said. "I should have asked more questions."

However, Mr. Allen testified that the report he gave Mr. Gates was *not* flimsy, that Mr. Gates acted startled and disturbed and told him to report his diversion suspicions to Mr. Casey. And another official, Richard Kerr, now acting CIA director, says he told Mr. Gates even earlier—in August 1986—about Mr. Allen's concerns and that then too Mr. Gates had acted surprised and concerned. Other documents, including entries in Mr. North's diaries, indicate that Mr. Gates was present at various meetings during October 1986 when the potential unraveling of Iranamok was discussed. Mr. Gates either disputes that he was present or says he can't remember what happened. After Mr. Allen's damaging testimony on September 24, Mr. Boren said that there appeared to be a conflict of tes-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

timony, but that the committee could not run down every lead. Surely this is one it ought to run down. Mr. Gates promised that henceforward he will be totally candid with his congressional overseers. The Senate needs to know whether he is being candid now.

Suppose the Senate tries to establish conclusively whether Mr. Gates is lying, but can't. Should it still confirm him? We think not. The standard for approving the director of America's intelligence services should not be whether a court would convict him of perjury, but whether he has sound judgment about how to employ the secret resources under his command. The evidence suggests that Gates does not have that judgment. We suspect that Senator Bill Bradley is right in claiming that Gates is a careerist who habitually goes along with the policies of his superiors and that Messrs. Gates and Casey had a tacit understanding that Mr. Gates would not know—and would not ask—about the details of the arms sales and contra aid operations. When word of Mr. Allen's worries about arms sales diversions began to leak within the agency, we suspect that Mr. Gates *was* concerned—not that the agency was engaged in illegal activities, but that the operations were about to be blown. Did he then knowingly participate in an attempted cover-up? Perhaps not, but our suspicions are strong enough that, if we were senators, we'd vote against him.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Not only is Mr. Gates's integrity open to question, but so is his competence in his own specialty—the former Soviet Union. For years Mr. Gates was part of the CIA analysis apparat that churned out estimates that Soviet GNP was growing at 3 percent to 3.5 percent annually and that it would keep doing so indefinitely. To Mr. Gates's credit, he argued that the Soviets were spending a high percentage of GNP on weaponry, threatening U.S. interests. Mr. Gates failed to see that the Soviet economy was about to fall apart, and when this implication-rich theory was propounded by a former *Fortune* magazine editor, Herbert Meyer, whom Mr. Casey had hired as his assistant, Mr. Gates and other agency Sovietologists fought against even considering it. Mr. Gates came around, but only after Mr. Casey found Mr. Meyer's view interesting.

Subsequently, as a White House adviser to Bush, Mr. Gates was a hard-line skeptic of Mikhail Gorbachev's reforms until about the time that Mr. Bush decided to make Mr. Gorbachev his ally. Then Mr. Gates flipped too, giving interviews in which he praised Mr. Gorbachev for destroying communism before Mr. Gorbachev had done anything of the kind. Similarly on the Gulf, Mr. Gates managed the 1985 intelligence study that justified arms sales to Iran on the grounds that the Soviet Union was likely to make inroads in post-Khomeini Iran. He forced out of the analysis a State Department footnote disagreeing with that finding. In 1986 he helped see to it that Iraq received U.S. intelligence to help it in its war with Iran. At the White House in 1989 and 1990, he helped fashion the policy of appeasing Saddam Hussein that led the Iraqi dictator to believe he could invade Kuwait with impunity.

Much as defense policy is too important to leave to generals, intelligence policy is too important to leave to career spooks, even if they come from the analysis side of the CIA. President Bush did well when he picked Representative Dick Cheney to be defense secretary. In the post-cold war era, American intelligence needs a similarly bold choice. Smart spying against potential enemies among small, well-armed, and volatile countries—Saddam's Iraq is a classic example—will continue to be vital. This means not less intelligence, but in some cases more—and of a subtler, more innovative kind. These new needs require a director with an ability to rethink intelligence policy thoroughly, to offend superiors, and to draw a straight and clear line between the future and the past. On all these criteria, in our judgment, Robert Gates falls short. He's neither tough nor fresh enough. The president should try again.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Holiday gift offer!

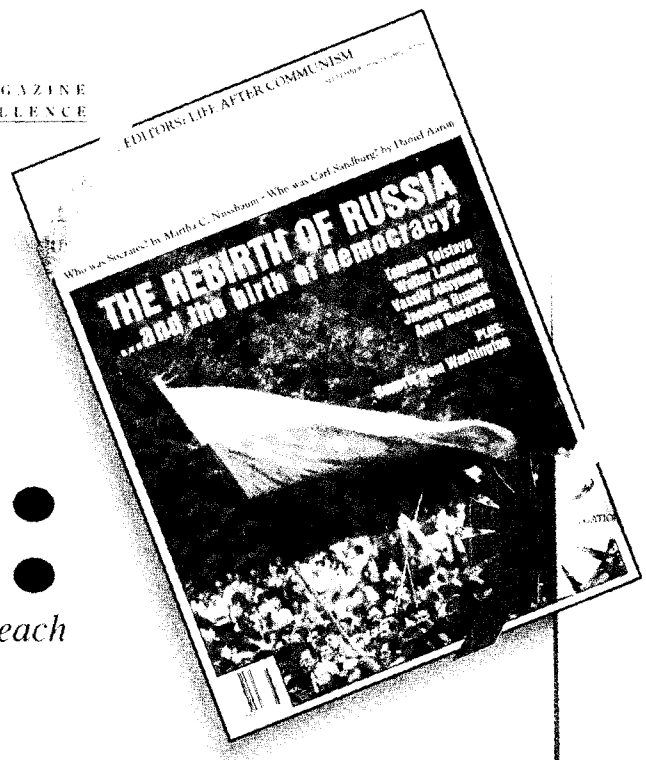
WINNER 1991 NATIONAL MAGAZINE AWARD FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE

Give:

$69.97 for the first gift (or your own renewal)

Receive:

Savings over 35% off the basic $69.97 price for each additional gift—only $44.95



ACT NOW . . . for fastest service call toll free 1-800-274-6350 offer expires December 31, 1991!

The nation's hottest journal of politics, ideas and culture, *THE NEW REPUBLIC* makes an enlightening gift.

For someone who shares your quest for intelligent, provocative reading, there's no better way to say "Happy Holidays."

A welcome challenge for curious minds, your gift of *THE NEW REPUBLIC* will compliment your friends ... and remind them of your thoughtfulness throughout the year.

Your friends will appreciate *THE NEW REPUBLIC* for the same reasons you do. And you'll appreciate our special holiday rates.

Gift subscription form

GIFT FOR

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

GIFT FOR

NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

☐ Include my own subscription at special holiday rates: ☐ New ☐ Renewal

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

☐ Please charge my: ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amer. Express

Account #

Expiration Date

Signature

Attractive gift cards will be sent in your name. NEW gifts begin with first January issue. Renewed subscriptions take effect after current subscription expires.

FROM

MY NAME *(please print)*

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW REPUBLIC
P.O. Box 52333
Boulder, CO 80321-2333

21AC9

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

HEARINGS AND HYSTERIA: A blow against rational AIDS policy will be struck on September 26, when Kimberly Bergalis is brought to the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment on a stretcher. Ms. Bergalis, the Florida woman who was infected by her dentist and is now dying and unable to speak, will appear with her parents at the invitation of Representative William Dannemeyer of California. The Bergalises advocate mandatory testing for health care workers. Mr. Dannemeyer hopes their appearance, which is certain to be a media circus, will overwhelm the convincing testimony of former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, who argues that such testing would be an ineffective way to combat the spread of AIDS. Ms. Bergalis, who is being used by demagogues, deserves pity. Mr. Dannemeyer, the demagogue using her, deserves scorn.

CURTAINS: Thank the AFL-CIO and former Representative Bruce Morrison of Connecticut for a series of absurd new restrictions on foreigners who seek to sing, play, act, or dance in the United States. Unless Congress acts, a law goes into effect on October 1 that sets an arbitrary limit of 25,000 on the number of cultural workers who can gain temporary entrance annually. Other bizarre new requirements include one that says performers must have been members of the group that seeks to visit for at least a year and that they work in "consultation" with American groups. All of this, of course, is crazy. Visiting performers are not interchangeable with American ones, and it's nutty to treat them as some kind of unfair competition. If members of the American Federation of Musicians want more dates at Carnegie Hall, they should get there the old-fashioned way: practice. •

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

HORNER'S NEST

By Fred Barnes

President Bush and his aides were in a quandary last summer over filling the post of White House personnel chief, but not for long. Chase Untermeyer was leaving the job to become director of the Voice of America, the worldwide radio network. The first choice to replace him, Peace Corps Director Paul Coverdell, said no and split for Georgia to run for the Senate. So Untermeyer and John Sununu, the White House chief of staff, had to come up with a new candidate. They knew what they wanted, a Bush loyalist with policy experience and independent stature. When they met, they quickly agreed on one name, Constance Horner, then deputy secretary of health and human services. That same day Sununu took the Horner idea to Bush, who approved it instantly. Bush called Horner and offered her the job. She said yes and took over in late August.

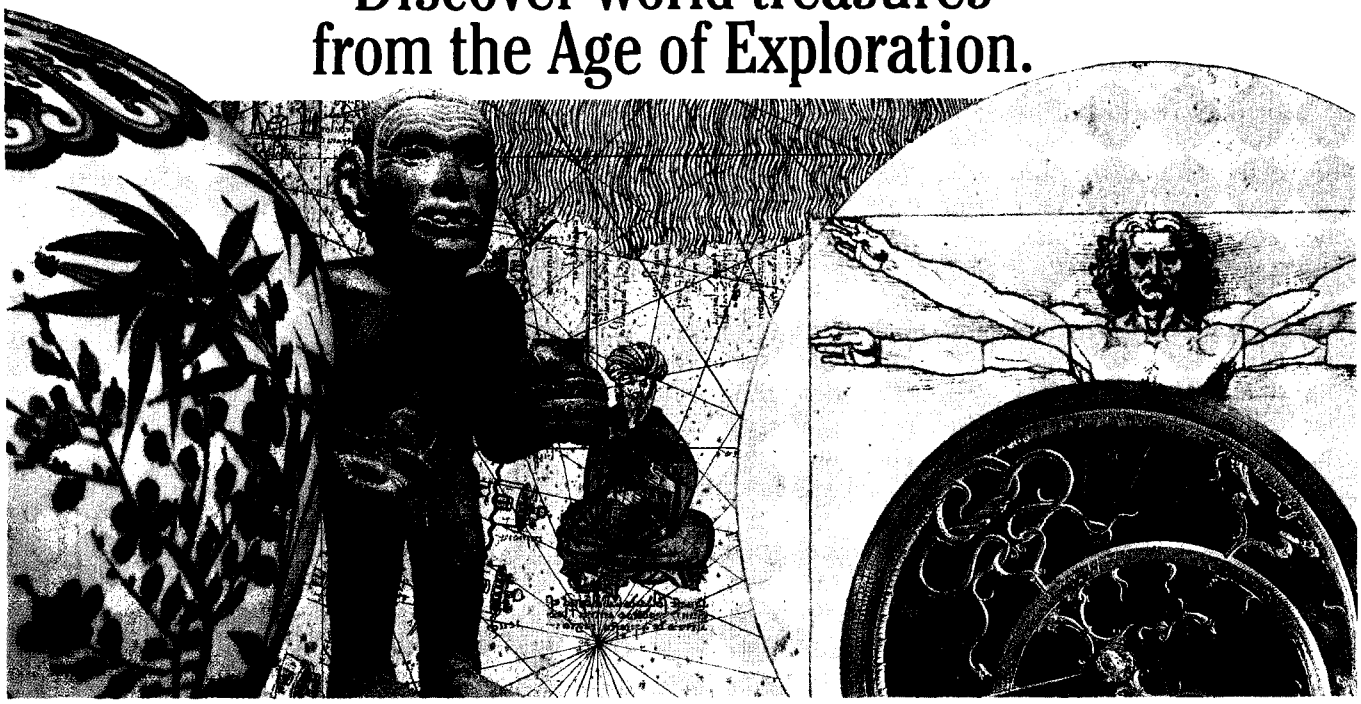
OK, the personnel job isn't the biggest in Washington. But it's one of the most politically sensitive, and Horner was an unconventional choice. When I hear the phrase "Bush Republican," Horner doesn't come to mind. She's a neoconservative, slightly to the right of Bush. She's a former Democrat who was still dabbling in Democratic politics as recently as the 1970s when her husband, Charles, worked for Senators Henry Jackson of Washington and Pat Moynihan of New York. Nevertheless Horner is the most successful woman in the Bush administration. Labor Secretary Lynn Martin may do as well or better, but she's still new to the administration. Horner is also the first person both to run the career civil service—she was director of the Office of Personnel Management from 1985 to 1989—and to oversee political appointees. I'm not sure what that means, but it's a first.

Horner, 49, is interesting for three reasons: herself, her fusionist brand of conservatism, and the possibility of what she might achieve as personnel director. Next to William Bennett, Horner rose higher from total obscurity than anyone in Washington in the 1980s. In 1979 she was an ex-high school English teacher with two young sons and an interest in politics. Her husband was teaching at Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service. He later was a deputy assistant secretary of state under President Reagan, then an associate director of the U.S. Information Agency. Anyway, she volunteered to work for Bush's first presidential campaign, which was headquartered in Alexandria, Virginia. In those days many neocons were more comfortable with Bush than Reagan, whom they viewed as too conservative on domestic issues. (They later warmed to Reagan.) In 1980 Horner moved to the Reagan-Bush campaign. And, like other staffers, she filled out a résumé a week before the election.

She was offered a job at ACTION, the federal domestic volunteer program. She jumped at the chance to work in the administration. Soon she was running VISTA, ACTION's best-known program. Through a friend, she came to the attention of budget chief David Stockman, who hired her as an associate budget director in 1983. When the OPM job opened in 1985, Stockman urged Donald Regan, then White House chief of staff, to nominate her for it. She'd gotten to know Nicholas Brady, now treasury secretary, and he pushed her. At the budget office, her ideology didn't come into play much. At OPM, it did. She put together a study that attacked comparable worth as "a wrong turn off the road toward pay equity and women's career advancement." Horner insisted women had made "tremendous occu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discover world treasures from the Age of Exploration.



Credits from left to right, details of: Blue and White Porcelain Jar with Plum and Bamboo Decorations, Ho-Am Art Museum, Kyunggi-Do, Korea; Xiuhtecuhtli as an Old Man, CNCA-INAH, Museo Nacional de Antropología, Mexico City; Atlas Catalan, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man, Gallerie dell'Accademia, Venice; Astrolabe of Alphanus Severus, Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe, Hamburg.

"Circa 1492: Art in the Age of Exploration"
National Gallery of Art
Washington, D.C.
October 12, 1991-January 12, 1992

It was during the Age of Exploration that the world began to grow smaller. Rapid advances in communications linked continents and changed life forever on both sides of the Atlantic and eventually throughout the entire world.

"Circa 1492" presents a global image of this new era of communications and interdependence. The exhibition encompasses works of art from both hemispheres, showing graphically how science and art played a key role in stimulating the thinking of the early explorers.

This exhibition is one of the most ambitious ever undertaken by the National Gallery of Art. It includes more than 600 paintings, sculptures, maps and other objects drawn from the major civilizations of the time—Mediterranean, West African, Far Eastern and American.

As a modern-day explorer of new frontiers in communications, Ameritech is proud to be part of the global consortium of international businesses sponsoring "Circa 1492: Art in the Age of Exploration."

The Communications Companies of Ameritech:

Illinois Bell
Indiana Bell
Michigan Bell
Ohio Bell
Wisconsin Bell
Ameritech Audiotex Services
Ameritech Credit
Ameritech Development
Ameritech Information Systems
Ameritech International
Ameritech Mobile Communications
Ameritech Publishing
Ameritech Services
The Tigon Corporation

AMERITECH

© 1991 Ameritech Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pational progress ... in government." She certainly had. And after four years at OPM, Horner had developed a reputation as a conservative with great political skill. She also had critics who said she was too ambitious, a common grouse about successful women.

Horner was a hot property when the Bush administration began. Jack Kemp asked her to be his deputy secretary of housing and urban development. She accepted, but before she started at HUD Sununu gave her a different assignment. He and Bush wanted a reliable conservative to keep Louis Sullivan, the new secretary of health and human services, in line ideologically. When Sullivan spoke favorably of distributing clean needles to addicts, drug czar William Bennett called her to complain. Horner got Sullivan to drop the subject. She blocked two sex surveys Sullivan wanted but that riled conservatives on Capitol Hill. She made sure HHS opposed abortions in military hospitals. After two years the Sullivan-Horner relationship wore thin. She was ready to take a corporate job last summer when the White House called. Sullivan, by the way, made sure he didn't get another Horner. Her successor, Kevin Moley, was stripped of his own staff and separate projects.

In post-Reagan conservative politics, Horner is an important bridge among factions. She's got a foot in the neocon camp but has grown more conservative than many of her old allies (on abortion, for instance). Her support for "activist government" appeals to Bush Republicans. Her interest in social issues makes her popular with the New Right. In articles and book reviews in the late 1970s she questioned sex education and favored traditional academic practices. Last February she argued in a speech to the Heritage Foundation that "the common denominator to the problems that are plaguing our youth today is not just race or just poverty, it is family structure." She advocated tax incentives for parents to work less and spend more time with their children. "Something else that children need is religious belief and aspiration toward the ideal." Even as "someone who is part of the secular culture," Horner said, she's learned that moral education isn't enough. "What we need is the real thing; we need to be taught religious faith."

Horner's shift to the personnel job was a lateral transfer, but it put her in a far more critical spot. Bennett says, "An administration is three things: personnel, personnel, personnel. It's a hell of a job." How influential Horner will be in making appointments is unknowable. But she has an opportunity to change the ideological stripe of the administration. Under Untermeyer, the personnel office made a systematic effort to put Bushies in jobs. That task is largely completed, and the administration has a moderate-to-conservative cast as a result.

"Now you have someone who's plugged into the neocons, the New Right, and conservatives all over the country," says a White House aide. "If Horner were there for five years and really had sway, both of which are questionable, she could bring more conservatives into the administration than the Reagan people ever did." The Reagan administration was filled with movement conservatives in the early years, but conventional Republicans were dominant by Reagan's second term. The opposite might happen under Bush: an exodus of moderates followed by an influx of conservatives. The biggest obstacle to this is, ironically, Horner's rising star. One or two women will always be in the Bush Cabinet. (Yes, there's a quota.) Sooner or later Horner will be one of them. Probably sooner. •

The judge's patron saint.

THOMAS & BENEDICT

By George Kannar

After Douglas Wilder's outburst of apparent anti-Catholic bias following the announcement of Clarence Thomas's Supreme Court nomination, consideration of the candidate's religious background was quickly consigned to someplace far offstage. For senators and presidents, that is only to the good: the Constitution wisely does outlaw all religious tests for office. But for those of us in armchairs, that could be a big mistake. You can never understand what a former Catholic means by natural law without referring to Aquinas, and you can also miss some critical insights into his possible future development. Now that his confirmation seems assured, the time seems right to notice how Thomas's strong ties to his Catholic upbringing might have fewer dire consequences for some of his opponents than they first realized.

The key could be Saint Benedict the Moor, who gave his name to Thomas's parochial school in Savannah, Georgia. As many an alumnus of the parochial school system can attest, the nuns of the mid-1950s often took it as a special part of their mission to educate their charges about the lives of the frequently obscure ecclesiastical luminaries after whom their schools were named. Thomas, of all people, undoubtedly listened—and he may well have liked what he heard.

According to *The Lives of the Saints*, Benedict's parents were African slaves living in sixteenth-century Sicily. Hating that condition, they exercised more sexual self-restraint than even Pat Buchanan could desire. Amid their poverty and oppression, they were opposed to pregnancy *in* wedlock. Instead, they lived together as husband and wife "in continence," conscientiously refusing to risk conceiving a child who would have to grow up in slavery. Fortunately, however, their master one day promised to emancipate their first born. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

Plus a 4th at 35% off the publisher's price. **NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.**

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

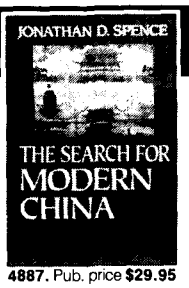
The Devil's Horsemen *by James Chambers.* The 13th-century Golden Horde—one of the most devastating armies ever. **8094.** Pub.price **$16.95**

The Indian Frontier of the American West, 1846 –1890 *by Robert M. Utley* **8490.** Pub.price **$19.95**

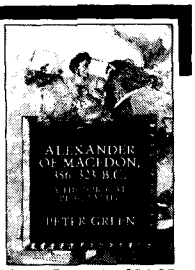
In Search of the Indo-Europeans: Language, Archaeology and Myth *by P.J. Mallory* **6015.** Pub.price **$29.95**

1859. Pub. price **$15**

6056. Pub. price **$29.95**



4887. Pub. price **$29.95**



8136. Pub. price **$34.95**

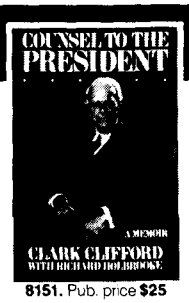
STATESMEN, GENERALS and THE RULING CLASS

Catherine the Great *by John T. Alexander* **1073.** Pub.price **$30**

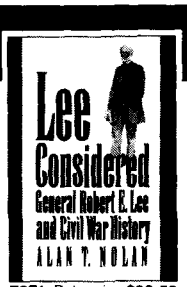
Napoleon and Hitler: A Comparative Biography *by Desmond Seward* **1891.** Pub.price **$19.95**

The Discovery of King Arthur *by Geoffrey Ashe* **1339.** Pub.price **$18.95**

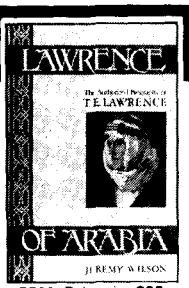
Caligula: The Corruption of Power *by Anthony Barrett.* The personality and career of one of Rome's most notorious emperors. **4564.** Pub.price **$27.50**



8151. Pub. price **$25**



7971. Pub. price **$22.50**



5520. Pub. price **$35**

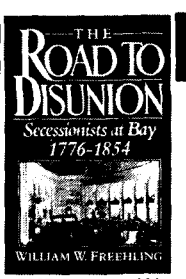
8664. Pub. price **$35**

TIMELESS ISSUES, ENDURING IDEAS

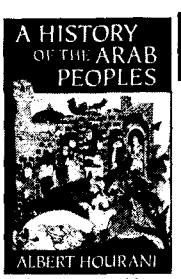
The Bible as History, 2nd Revised Edition *by Werner Keller.* Archaeology and science document biblical history. **3012.** Pub.price **$21.95**

The American Reader: Words That Moved a Nation *Edited by Diane Ravitch* **6874.** Pub.price **$35**

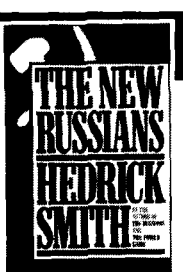
Food in History: Revised Edition *by Reay Tannahill.* A sweeping overview of human eating habits. **2410.** Pub.price **$19.95**



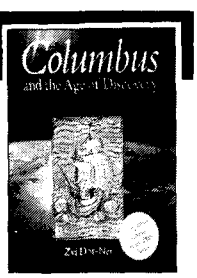
5967. Pub. price **$30**



7369. Pub. price **$24.95**



6692. Pub. price **$24.95**



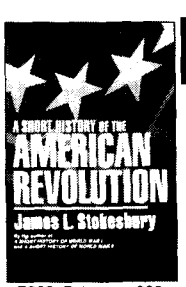
8169. Pub. price **$40**

THE WARRING WORLD

Hitler's Generals *Edited by Correlli Barnett* A team of historians examines the careers and diverse characters of the German generals. **3673.** Pub.price **$24.95**

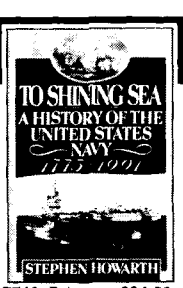
KGB: The Inside Story *by Christopher Andrew and Oleg Gordievsky* **6619.** Pub.price **$29.95**

Civil War Battlefield Guide *by The Conservation Fund with Frances H. Kennedy, Editor.* 59 superb maps detail the battles of the Civil War. **4994.** Pub.price **$29.95**

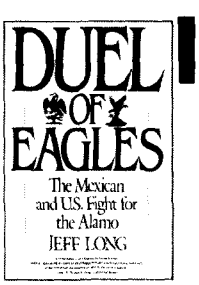


7922. Pub. price **$23**

8870. Pub. price **$35**



7740. Pub. price **$24.50**



5892. Pub. price **$22.95**

Save on the best recent history titles.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as ⅓ off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take a fourth book at 35% off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

How the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 books featured each month. History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing–the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less then 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-0003

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth at 35% off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling.

H127-10-3

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

1-19

Name_____
(Please print clearly)

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.
© 1991 History Book Club, Inc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

short order, little Benedict arrived. He turned out to be hard-working, diligent, handy with a lira, and at an early age he hired himself out as a shepherd. Through self-denial and carefully "economizing his wages," he promptly accumulated enough capital to set up his own business, and he came to be regarded rather quickly as a wunderkind in the local oxen trade. Benedict, already quite devout, appeared headed to great success in the secular materialist realm—until the call of God came.

Fortuitously for the self-sufficient Benedict, the call seemed to emanate from an individualist sort of God. He told Benedict to sell the oxen and to become a hermit, to devote himself completely to ensuring his own personal salvation through secluded prayer. Retreat entirely from the community was the Lord's message, don't worry about whether other sinners find their way, earn your way to heaven on your own. By this ethic, Benedict prospered once again, to the point where his success became something of a problem. After he had performed some famous miracles, establishing for all to see his direct link with greater powers, large numbers of ordinary people started besieging his remote outpost, hoping that he would use his special access to help resolve their woes. Benedict, together with his little band of individualists, retreated steadily to places more and more remote, where they could continue to work on their own salvation without having to worry about the rest.

But then, somehow, yet another conversion came. Pope Pius IV moved to put an end to Benedict's isolation. He ordered Benedict, by now the head of a sort of hermits' order, to merge his sect with the more mainstream Order of Saint Francis, in which his splinter sect had started. And the philosophy of mainstream Franciscans, as Thomas's grade school teacher Sister Virgilius Reidy testified at the confirmation hearings, was just the opposite of what Benedict's own had been. The Franciscan ethic was to *mingle* with the community, to forswear spiritual elitism and arrogance, to "love God in the poor" (in the sister's words), to devote oneself to service—and to let salvation come through that.

It turned out that Benedict thrived on this more mainstream ethic too. He achieved greater fame for his holiness now, not through individualism, but by serving as a self-effacing cook in a children's orphanage. The more he did it, the more he enjoyed it—and it is also said that he turned out to be a pretty good cook. The spiritual benefits flowed in as well. "As his power grew," we are informed by *The World's Great Men of Color*, "so grew his charity and humility."

If he is confirmed as a Supreme Court justice, Clarence Thomas might seem to have little more to achieve in terms of his fame and power. But the example of St. Benedict the Moor might suggest other ways in which he might still be prone to grow. Thomas made reference in his testimony, after all, to "the humility that one learns when facing the daunting task of being a judge." Should his charity and humility follow the same path as that of his overlooked potential mentor, his opponents may have less to fear from him than they might suspect. "There but for the Grace of God go I" is not such a bad place from which to have any new justice start.

GEORGE KANNAR teaches at the SUNY-Buffalo School of Law.

Tadzhikistan's Havel fights back.

COUP II

By Gregory Freidin

No sooner had I returned from Moscow to Stanford to take a long-range view of the coup than my phone rang and the voice on the other end of the line, which terminated in Finland, informed me that my good friend Davlat Khudonazarov, one of the most humane and charismatic politicians of my generation, had agreed to run for president in his native Tadzhikistan. He was wondering, continued the emissary, if I could ask Stanford's president, Donald Kennedy, who hosted Khudonazarov last spring at the university's Centennial Conference, to endorse his candidacy. "Poor Davlat," I said, "he will no longer belong to himself and will no longer make movies." Khudonazarov is a filmmaker, his movies ethnographically precise and also touchingly poetic in the manner of Satyajit Ray. "For many people in Tadzhikistan," said the voice, "he is their last hope, and as to the movies, well, Havel has not exactly been writing plays."

That hope has just come under the brutal threat of a revived Communist dictatorship. On September 22 martial law was declared in Tadzhikistan, a small, mountainous republic in Soviet Central Asia of more than 4 million people, mostly Farsi-speaking Muslims, crammed between China and Afghanistan. The rear-guard Communists responded to a recently imposed decree that banned the Party and its possible successors (as well as nationalized its property) by renaming themselves the Socialist Party. Acting through the Supreme Soviet, which they dominate, they rescinded the ban and replaced the acting president with their own presidential candidate, the strongman Rakhmon Nabiev. He ruled Tadzhikistan before being ousted in 1985. With martial law imposed through the end of the year, Nabiev will have a free hand at manipulating the elections, scheduled for October 27.

His main threat is Khudonazarov, who before the crackdown had managed to become the candidate of the republic's democratic forces, including Tadzhikistan's Popular Front, Democratic Party, and the small

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and hitherto illegal Party of Islamic Renaissance. One of the best-known Soviet filmmakers (at the age of 46 he has twenty documentaries and ten feature films to his credit), Khudonazarov entered the political fray in earnest in 1988, when he was elected USSR People's Deputy from Tadzhikistan. Despite every legal and illegal obstacle set up by the Tadzhik Communist Party to prevent his victory, he received 90 percent of the votes in his district in the capital Dushanbe. Together with Andrei Sakharov, Boris Yeltsin, and Gavriil Popov, he soon became one of the most active members of the Interregional Group of Deputies. The First Congress of People's Deputies acknowledged his leadership potential by electing him to the upper chamber, the Supreme Soviet of the USSR.

The severest challenge to his abilities as a leader came during the February 1989 protests and riots in Dushanbe, triggered by some monumental instances of corruption in housing distribution. Breaking his engagements at the Film Festival in West Berlin, Khudonazarov flew home and undertook to negotiate—right in the streets—a truce between the army, which was ready to pounce on the demonstrators, and the crowds, enraged by the shooting deaths of twenty-eight civilians (more than 100 were wounded). He succeeded in preventing further bloodshed, if not the unjust prosecution of some of the demonstration organizers.

All of his subsequent efforts to set up an independent investigative commission were blocked first by local authorities and later by an alliance between the republic's president, Kakhar Makkhamov, and the USSR interior minister, Boris Pugo—all despite Mikhail Gorbachev's promise to set up an independent investigation. In January, in the wake of the bloodshed in Vilnius, Khudonazarov was one of the authors of the "Letter of 116," signed by many of the most respected and authoritative figures in Soviet culture, which sharply criticized Gorbachev's stance as one that encouraged illegality and violence.

Immediately after the coup, while still in Dushanbe, Khudonazarov used his Moscow office of the Cinematographers' Union to organize resistance. On August 20, under an assumed name, he flew to Moscow and was able to organize quickly the transfer of jurisdiction of his own union of Soviet filmmakers (and those of Soviet musicians, actors, and architects) to the authority of the Russian Federation for as long as the central government remained in the hands of the putschists. In part inspired by his example, the USSR ministers of ecology (N.N. Vorontsov) and chemical industry (S.N. Khadzhiev) placed their ministries under Yeltsin's jurisdiction—a loud slap in the face to the leaders of the coup. Few high officials, however, could muster enough personal and civic courage for such a defiant act when the outcome of the coup was still shrouded in uncertainty. Some Union-level ministers, who had initially

Abingdon Press

PERCEPTIVE • PENETRATING • PERSUASIVE

A provocative look at the contemporary church!

After Christendom? How the Church is to behave if freedom, justice, and a Christian America are bad ideas, *by Stanley Hauerwas*

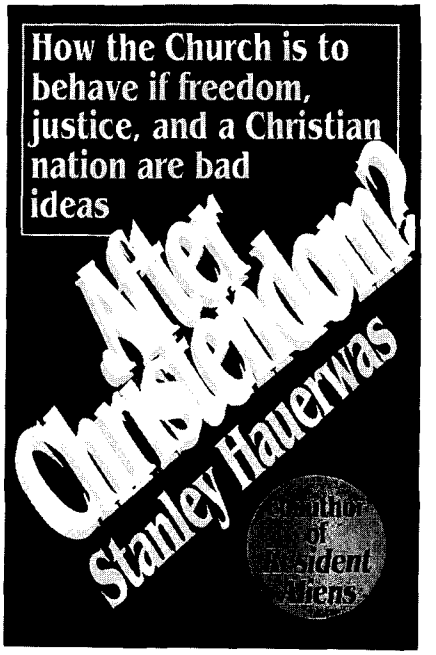
In *After Christendom?*, Stanley Hauerwas, Professor of Theological Ethics at the Divinity School, Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, describes how and why the Enlightenment wreaked havoc on the purpose and ministry of the church.

In this sequel to *Resident Aliens*, a bestselling book which he coauthored with William Willimon, Hauerwas continues to focus on the congregation as a community set apart from culture to bear witness to the resurrection of Christ. He explains why the modern church is disestablished, and he explodes the popular liberal notions of justice and freedom.

In *After Christendom?*, pastors, church leaders, and seminarians will find an alternative vision for congregational care and discipleship. *Abingdon.* A01

$12.95, paper, ISBN 0-687-00929-4

Order from your local bookstore or call toll free 1-800-672-1789. Mail orders to: 201 Eighth Avenue South, P.O. Box 801, Nashville, TN 37202-0801.



OA-0071-1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreed to sign the proclamation of transfer, had withdrawn their signatures at the last moment. (I have in my possession the letter's copy with one of the signatures whited out.)

Khudonazarov, using his prerogatives as a member of the Communist Party's Central Committee (he was included in accordance with the so-called Yakovlev-Gorbachev slate at the 28th Party Congress), saw to it that these and similar authoritative documents, pointing out the illegitimacy of the coup, were received by the top Party and government figures, Anatoli Lukyanov among them. A seemingly simple matter, it required considerable ingenuity and persistence, since many of these officials did not wish to be on the record one way or another, hoping to avoid responsibility for inaction (or, indeed, action) in case the coup failed.

On August 27 Khudonazarov told me that he had received documents proving that the first secretary of the Tadzhik Communist Party and the republic's president, Makkhamov, had been a supporter of the coup. By that time, Makkhamov had already renamed the Party the "Party of People's Democracy" and set up a new Presidential Council, including in it the heads of the Border Guards, the regular armed forces, and the KGB. We discussed his plans to release the documents at the session of the Supreme Soviet. I asked him about his small son and his wife, who were still back home in Tadzhikistan and very vulnerable. He was worried. The new head of the KGB, Vadim Bakatin, whom he had asked that morning to provide security for his family, confessed that he could not yet come up with anybody he could trust in Tadzhikistan. After finding some other, less exalted, means to ensure his family's safety (a friend in the local police), Khudonazarov took the floor. He made an impassioned speech, calling on the deputies not to abandon their compatriots to the arbitrary rule of the provincial juntas. "The putsch," he declared with foresight, "has not really failed, its goals are being realized: the Union Treaty remains unsigned, relations among the republics are deteriorating, and in some, the internal political situation is going from bad to worse." He called for a united resistance to despotism wherever it might arise, for using all available legal remedies against it, but cautioned against revenge: "May God save us from acting illegally. We must not encourage a satanic revelry when the air is charged with negative electricity. We must be gentler and treat many with compassion and kindness." The other Tadzhik deputies, who would later on warmly congratulate Khudonazarov out of the TV camera eye, sat motionless during his speech.

Sometime in early September, urged by the Tadzhik democrats, Khudonazarov agreed to run for president of the republic. On September 20 he left Moscow for Dushanbe, where mass anti-Communist demonstrations prompted the city's mayor, Maksud Ikramov, to follow the example of Moscow's Popov and order the removal of the towering statue of Lenin. Reports circulated that a tug-of-war between the detractors and the upholders caused the statue to fall and shatter. Nabiev, the new emergency president, has ordered Ikramov arrested and the statue reinstalled. According to the last communication from Dushanbe, Ikramov is still at large, the statue cannot be put together again, and Davlat Khudonazarov is heading the resistance. The battle against Communist despotism was not won, it seems, on August 20 in Moscow. Indeed, in some parts of the former Soviet empire, it has scarcely yet begun.

GREGORY FREIDIN is associate professor of Slavic languages and literature at Stanford University.

My vasectomy—and yours?

KINDEST CUT

By Scott Shuger

Here's the alarming fact behind many of America's social problems: 40 percent of the births in this country result from unintended pregnancies. And here's another alarming fact lurking behind that one: 88 percent of the American women practicing birth control don't make use of the surest, safest, and cheapest form of permanent contraception. The method is particularly underused among groups with high rates of unplanned pregnancy. You know why? Well, mostly because that method—vasectomy—requires women to rely on one of the least dependable components of the birth control apparatus: men.

Vasectomy is too rare because men have failed both as policymakers and as partners. Since 1981 the government has greatly restricted the eligibility criteria for Medicaid and also has heavily cut federal funding for family planning. Even without adjusting for inflation, in the past decade that money has shrunk by more than 12 percent. As a result, there aren't nearly enough public dollars available to meet the demand for sterilizations among those who can't afford them. Faced with this crunch, publicly funded clinics have been forced to turn increasingly to temporary methods of contraception such as birth control pills and condoms—even for clients who have decided they don't want any more children. Vasectomy has been a particularly irrational casualty of this shift. Although temporary methods pose less of an immediate cost, vasectomy is actually unrivaled in terms of cost-effectiveness. Even the Norplant reversible implant can't compete. A vasectomy runs only about one-seventh the cost of its counterpart for women, tubal ligation, and costs little more than a year's supply of birth control pills.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Long Does It Take a Five-Year-Old To Get Ready For School?

Getting a child ready for school doesn't happen in a single morning.

How ready children are to learn depends on how well they've been cared for in their preschool years.

Children lacking parental attention, proper nutrition, health care, or stable homes are ill-prepared for a lifetime of learning. So are children suffering from emotional or physical abuse.

If we are to succeed as a nation, we must provide every child with the best start possible, by expanding prenatal, nutritional, health, and child care programs to protect and heal all of America's children.

In February of 1990, President Bush and the nation's governors adopted six education goals for America. Goal number one: "By the year 2000, all children will start school ready to learn."

Meeting that goal will require new commitments of time, leadership, and financial resources. And it will require immediate action at all levels. Either we make the required investments now, or we pay the price later, because many things in life can wait – but our children can't.

nea

National Education Association
1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 822-7200

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But even if, miracle of miracles, family planning were overnight to become as well treated in the federal budget as say, the National Aero-Space Plane, there still wouldn't be as many vasectomies as there should be. Among those being sterilized now, tubal ligations are *twice* as common as vasectomies. That fact is particularly striking when you consider that although today's laparoscopic tubal ligations aren't nearly as dangerous as earlier tubal techniques or hysterectomies, they are still much more likely to result in death than a vasectomy is. (In 1987, the most recent year for which records are available, one man died from a vasectomy, and eighteen women died from tubal ligations.) Or when you consider that vasectomies pose a much smaller insult to the body than Norplant or taking birth control pills day in and day out for ten or twenty years.

Just how lame are men when it comes to vasectomy? One authoritative study determined that most men who eventually get one don't do so for two or more years after they've decided not to have any more children. Many unfortunate things can happen over those two years—most of it to women and children. Let's face it, America's low vasectomy rate is concrete proof of how, when it comes to family planning, men have usually been free-riders, enjoying the benefits but ducking the risks.

What to do? For starters, not only should family planning receive more adequate government funding (which would no doubt cost less than the $504 million spent last year treating the specific problems of cocaine babies), but it should also engage men more. This means more aggressive outreach to men in the neighborhoods that clinics serve—you can't wait for men to walk in to a family planning clinic, because they just don't. And that means more men on clinic staffs—especially more vasectomized men. One way to do this would be to create clinic positions where having had the procedure is cited as a relevant job qualification. (It's well known that for most men, the most important influence on the decision to have a vasectomy is personal discussion with a man who's already had one.) Another measure called for is substantial radio, TV, and print public service advertising about the procedure. Media campaigns have produced large increases in vasectomy rates even in mucho macho places such as Brazil and Guatemala. And since a big obstacle for men is their worry about pain and inconvenience, more effort should be placed on promulgating less invasive vasectomy procedures. The "no-scalpel" technique used in China since 1974, and performed worldwide on 8 million men, which employs a single tiny puncture instead of the usual two incisions, results in nearly eight times fewer complications than the standard method. But guess how many doctors in the United States are using it? Fewer than 200 (in about half the states, no doctors do it). Compare that with the 4,500 doctors performing such socially pointless operations as breast implants and liposuction.

And if you're a man who's finished having children, you could get a vasectomy. That's what I did. And then talk about it. That's what I'm going to do now.

"It's a very simple procedure," my doctor told me. But if so, why was I so nervous about it? And why had I told my daughter and our friends that I was going in for arthroscopic knee surgery? Why, for that matter, was it that in all my life, I had never heard a man say he'd had it done or was considering it? Of course, my doctor was right, but men are quick to transform what is in fact the most minor snip-snip into open-brain surgery with a rusty spoon. Women regularly endure the probings of a gynecologist's speculum with little fuss, and can discuss their episiotomies at a party, but even casually mentioning vasectomy to a man usually draws a strong visceral reaction. His brow knits, his hands try to slide down to protect, and his thighs cringe. (Male reader—check your own body language a few sentences from now.) Does this make much sense? No—men are birth control wimps.

There's another factor that makes vasectomy seem more forbidding than it should. In your 20s or 30s, you don't think of your job as the one you'll retire from, your house as the one you'll grow old in, your current friends as the only ones you'll ever have. It may work out that way, but right now you don't like to admit that this is your only option. And what more immediate symbol does a man have of his freedom than his own power to add to the world? Long after I've become used to saying to myself and others that I've had a "vasectomy," I'll continue to struggle with the idea that I have been made "sterile." Permanence is still one of the top things I don't have that I don't want, and a vasectomy can seem like an awful strong dose of it.

But this is a worry the health care system could do more to alleviate. A simple solution would be to make sperm self-storage readily and cheaply available. It's not now. I had my vasectomy done at one of the top hospitals in the country, and yet the clinic there knew of only one sperm bank. There are a mere five in the San Fernando Valley of L.A., where I live (a region of 1.3 million people), and I discovered that after an initial fee of around $300, these places charge an additional $200 a year to keep your possible progeny on ice.

While getting their tools ready, my doctor and his assistant had me lie down on the table and tried loosening me up with the usual patter. It didn't work at first—I was extremely anxious. And honestly, the first part of the procedure on each side was nasty—the injection of the local anesthetic into my groin burned like hell. But overall, on a Richter scale of pain, vasectomy barely jiggles the needles. Except for those initial shots, it was nothing compared with my knee operations, or my root canal. And pretty soon the doctors' conviviality was making a difference. By the time one of them asked me how I was doing, I felt out of the woods enough to joke that I was trying to replay the 1960 World Series in my head. He remembered one of the games quite well, and we talked for a bit about Sandy Koufax. Just before my doctor began tugging on my va

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deferens—the little duct this is all about—he issued a colloquial warning that was very accurate: "This is going to feel like being kicked in the balls." But minutes later, he made me laugh out loud when, as he finished up on my right side, he announced, "There, now you're 50 percent safe." The camaraderie really loosened my tongue. At the end I complimented both men on their "ball-side" manner. The laughs we had over these lines were very male and somehow quite wonderful. It was nice that there hadn't been a female nurse in the room. We were three guys in the driveway on a Saturday afternoon, with the hood up, working on a transmission. The relaxed chatter made me less concerned about whose hood, whose transmission. In that little white room, I had discovered an American rarity: male bonding with a point.

In the days following my operation, the minor discomforts ("In the next week," my doctor told me, "gravity will be your enemy and your jockstrap will be your friend") were well outweighed by the good feelings that came from finally doing my part. In its search for uniquely male experiences that are socially constructive, the new men's movement would do well to consider vasectomy. Getting one was a small but clear way of putting my body ever so slightly on the line so that my wife could take hers ever so slightly off. What I had originally dreaded turned out to be about the most personally and socially responsible thing I've done in a long time. A simple procedure, yes. And a simple virtue.

SCOTT SHUGER is a contributing editor of *The Washington Monthly.*

The lynching of Yankel Rosenbaum.

INVISIBLE MAN

By David Evanier

In Brooklyn, New York, on August 20, 1991, the first day of a rampage that engulfed the Hasidic community of Crown Heights for three days, Yankel Rosenbaum, a 29-year-old Orthodox Jewish scholar from Australia, was murdered by a mob of young blacks shouting, "Kill the Jew." It was a lynching that recalled earlier, uglier times. What triggered Rosenbaum's murder was an accident in which a car in the Lubavitch Grand Rabbi's entourage jumped a curb and slammed into two children, killing one, Gavin Cato, and critically injuring the other, his cousin Angela. Police reports and grand jury testimony by the car's driver, Yosef Lifsh, would reveal that, trying to lift his car off the two children, Lifsh was surrounded by a crowd who beat and robbed him, as the Cato children lay on the ground in critical need of medical attention. The crowd stole his wallet, the cellular phone, and the red dashboard light. Lifsh was beaten on the head, face, and body and required eighteen stitches. The grand jury found that Lifsh was not indictable on criminal charges. In a poignant twist, it was also disclosed that in October 1990 Lifsh had gone into a burning building to rescue two black children from a fire.

Unsubstantiated rumors (later found to be untrue by police records and witness testimony) circulated with the news of the Cato children. The most inflammatory was the notion that a Hatzolah ambulance (*hatzolah* means "rescue" in Hebrew) arrived eight minutes earlier than a city ambulance, gave medical attention to the Hasidic driver, and drove him away, but did not attend to Gavin Cato, leaving him dying at the scene. This rumor galvanized mobs, who surged through the streets chanting, "Arrest the Jews" and "Heil Hitler," attacking Hasidic Jews, smashing property, and burning cars (sometimes of black families). Rosenbaum was walking to a friend's house when the mob spotted him.

By the end of the week, two more Hasidic men were stabbed and twenty-seven bias attacks were reported by the police. In other widely reported incidents, a 35-year-old Hasid was punched in the face on a Manhattan subway by a black who shouted, "That's for killing kids," and a Holocaust survivor, Brokha Estrin, killed herself by leaping from a window of her Crown Heights apartment. Demonstrators on street corners, reciting Afrocentric "scholarship," shouted at Hasidim, "You slept in caves. You sold slaves."

During the first days the media at best treated the accidental death of Gavin Cato and the murder of Rosenbaum as morally equivalent. The worst ignored Rosenbaum entirely. The conflict between blacks and Jews was seen as being in balance, with the "social justice" edge going to the blacks. Secular liberal Jews struggled with the difficulty of seeing Crown Heights plainly, almost embarrassed by the alien world of the hermetic,

DAVID EVANIER, author of the novel *Red Love* (Scribners), is a research analyst with the Anti-Defamation League.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

messianic Lubavitcher sect. More significant, they balked at criticizing black behavior. Jewish organizations mourned the deaths on both sides, avoiding any mention of anti-Semitism. Finally, at a press conference on August 30, Abraham Foxman, head of the Anti-Defamation League, the largest Jewish defense organization, broke the taboo: "Anti-Semitism is all over the place in Crown Heights. It is crude, it is ugly, it is classical, and it is deadly. And the fact that it is American and it is black should not make it invisible or tolerable.... Had a gang of angry white youths in Crown Heights killed a Yankel Rosenbaum and shouted epithets of 'Heil Hitler' and 'Kill the Jews' and directed rocks at a synagogue, then the Jewish community would be up in arms." Anti-Semitism was not mentioned in any editorial about Crown Heights in New York newspapers until August 29 in the *New York Post.*

Where was Yankel Rosenbaum in all of this? Too visible on the street on August 20, he became virtually invisible thereafter. The media silence about his murder implied that it was really the Hasidic community that had caused the problem by its insensitivity to blacks, its aggressive acquisition of housing at the expense of blacks, the alleged indifference of the Jewish ambulance and driver to the Cato child. From this "broader" perspective, the real victim of murder had been Cato. The murder of Rosenbaum was simply a righteous response to this atrocity.

The force of black fury in Crown Heights, carefully orchestrated by activists Sonny Carson and Al Sharpton, also lay behind the silence. It was supported by a broader strand of opinion in the African-American world as well—by the black community newspaper *The Amsterdam News*, the steady stream of anti-Semitism on the black radio station WLIB, and the writings of City University of New York professor Leonard Jeffries. At Cato's funeral Sharpton called Jews "diamond merchants" and said the black community would allow "no compromise, no sellout ... nothing less than the prosecution of the murderer of this young man." The Rev. Herbert Daughtry called for more violence: "I want to predict the same thing in Williamsburg" (another Hasidic community in Brooklyn). Carson praised the rioters and killers: "You might not like this. But I'm very proud of them." But the silence also came from fellow Jews. Non-Hasidic Jews felt removed from the Lubavitchers and frightened by the implications of the attacks. The Lubavitchers themselves were silent, shocked by the onslaught and stunned by the slow reaction of the secular Jewish world. No one mentioned Yankel Rosenbaum.

Yankel Rosenbaum was preparing his doctoral thesis on shtetl life in Poland and had come to New York to study archival material at the Yivo Institute. He wasn't affiliated with Lubavitchers; he was doing secular research. "I met Yankel in Australia fourteen years ago when I was 11," Aaron Heuberger, a friend of Rosenbaum's, told me. "He was four years older than me, and was my youth counselor in camp. We became friends. He was a traditional, Orthodox Jew. Very outgoing and funny. He used to walk around in jeans, a suit jacket, black hat, and fingerless biker's gloves. And he had dark shades like the Blues Brothers. He liked James Brown. Soul, blues. A little rock too. We listened to Motorhead together." Rosenbaum had a gravestone business in Australia and was running it from Brooklyn by fax while he was away.

According to Heuberger, Rosenbaum "was oblivious to conflicts with blacks. And he didn't have street smarts. We were once at an automatic teller machine and he took his wallet out and put it down on the top of the machine. 'Hey man, you don't do that,' I said.... Someone else seeing that group of blacks that night in Crown Heights would have taken off." Another friend, Peter Bentley, said, "He had a certain presence. Last March in Manhattan, this white person turned around and said, 'Fucking Jew.' Right in front of Yankel. They were preppies. It also happened at a computer game place in Melbourne, where Orthodox Jews usually don't go. It was one or two in the morning. Yankel wanted them to know they weren't taking on a Jew not ready to defend himself. He had a black belt in karate. On that night in Crown Heights, he could have taken on two or three guys. Even if they had knives and he didn't. But not twenty."

On the first Sunday in September, I stood in front of Lubavitch world headquarters at 770 Eastern Parkway and looked at the Hasidic Jews. As in a time warp, they conjure up the crowded alleyways and marketplaces of Isaac Bashevis Singer's Warsaw. Dressed in black from head to toe, with massive black and white beards, carrying prayer books, a few are stooped. For an assimilated Jew like me, there is an initial embarrassment at the sight of them: they look the way Jews are depicted in old-style anti-Semitic parodies.

I walked around Crown Heights and found a uniquely integrated lower-middle-class community. Blacks and Jews live side by side in well-kept homes or together in apartment houses. The Hasidim did not flee to the suburbs; they stayed. But along the main thoroughfares, young black faces seethe; there is an atmosphere of alienation and hate. It is difficult to face these aggressive, hostile eyes; one avoids them. I walked down President Street toward the makeshift shrine in Gavin Cato's memory. A poorer area, with police at the corner, the sun beating down on apartment houses of blacks and Jews. The shrine includes these signs: "The white man is the devil" and "We want the Jewish murderer arrested now. No justice, no peace." As I wrote it down, I was surrounded by six young black men who came out of nowhere; more were headed toward me. They were disconnected, fueled by hatred. "We don't want anybody writing anything," one with a gold earring said. I backed off and walked slowly down the street. They followed me at a distance until I got into a car.

Rabbi Yehuda Krinsky, principal aide to Rabbi Menachem Schneerson, the 90-year-old leader of the sect, told me, "The use of a Jewish ambulance rather than the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city's ambulance was brought about by another incident some years back. A young man who lived across the street from me suffered chest pains on a Saturday night. The EMS ambulance came, attended by two blacks. They refused to help this young Rabbi Shraga. They said, 'You're just faking; get up off the floor and sit on the chair.' He said he couldn't move. After ten minutes he struggled by himself to the chair. Then they put him on a stretcher and into the ambulance. He died. Within three weeks after that, the community collected $25,000 [illegible] its own equipped ambulance."

When I left the Lubavitcher headquarters, a group of young blacks across the street was shouting, "Hitler had the right idea. Exterminate the rats."

Isaac Bitton became famous on the front page of the *New York Post*, where a photograph of his prone body on the street became a symbol of the Crown Heights violence. He works at the only hotel in the neighborhood. Trinidadian musicians working local clubs stay in the hotel, as do any Orthodox visitors. Bitton, a *baal teshuva* (returnee to the faith), had headed a rock group called the Variations. "This was the second day of the riots," he told me. "I was walking home from here with my son. Turning the corner, I saw this mob coming toward me screaming, 'Jew! Jew! Jew!' They were hot. They spotted me and my son. They threw bricks, they hit us with sticks. I fell to the ground."

PHOTO BY NINA BERMAN/SIPA PRESS

Bitton, however, was adamant about one thing: "Something that is generally not known is that there were several black people not allied with the mob. They had just been walking on the street. One of them came to me and whispered, 'Hey man, stay down.' These blacks told the mob to move on. That was a miracle. Because the police were at the corner and saw what was happening, but they didn't come to my aid." Bitton and his family were taken home from the hospital in a car driven by black Jewish friends. Bitton and his wife and son crouched in the back seat to avoid being seen by the rioting crowds.

Bitton continued, "I like black music very much. But we know most blacks here hate us. You can see it in their faces. As a musician I'm very sensitive. I can feel the vibes. But until this we didn't know the extent of their hate. Now we saw that for a little excuse, an accident, they were ready to jump and kill. When we walked out of our house the next day, some people walked up to our car, saying through closed lips, not looking at us, 'We're going to kill your babies, your Jewish babies. We're going to kill them. We're going to kill them.' "

None of this hatred can be explained without an understanding of how anti-Semitism has become increasingly condoned in some mainstream black circles. Jeffries's racist theories—and the tolerance with which they have been greeted among fellow black academics and activists—are merely part of a larger picture. In July 1990 Legrand Clegg, president of the Coalition Against Black Exploitation, addressed the NAACP's annual convention in Los Angeles. He called for a "summit meeting" with the "Hollywood Jewish community" to "raise the issues of the century-old problem of Jewish racism in Hollywood." The NAACP's executive director, Benjamin L. Hooks, said that Clegg's remarks "are not necessarily" the view of the NAACP, but he didn't repudiate them either.

In July of this year, Professor Griff, formerly of the rap group Public Enemy, was the featured speaker at the Cincinnati Black Book Fair. He stated it was a "fact" that "white people have made it with animals and monkeys in the caves of Europe." Griff said, "Jewish doctors, along with Russian and American doctors, got together and invented the AIDS virus in a laboratory." Anti-Semitic speakers—Louis Farrakhan the most prominent—are a growing attraction at black student unions. The widespread sale of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* at black bookstores around the country is a disturbing fact of life. The sale of the *Protocols* at the African Marketplace in Los Angeles was strongly defended this year by the UCLA black student newspaper, *Nommo*.

I called a number of politicians and intellectuals—black and white—to get some response to the events in Crown Heights and to the silence of black leaders to incidents of anti-Semitism across the country. The majority did not return my calls. (In all, only six public figures have spoken out against the anti-Semitic violence: New York Mayor David Dinkins, Michael Meyers,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the black head of the New York Civil Rights Coalition, Ed Koch, Alfonse D'Amato, Norman Siegel of the New York Civil Liberties Union, and, two weeks later, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan.) Wilbert A. Tatum, the black publisher of *The Amsterdam News*, was one of those who returned my call. He is less well known to the general public than Carson, Sharpton, Alton Maddox, et al., but for a long time many whites regarded him as someone with whom a dialogue on sensitive racial matters could be conducted. His wife is Jewish. Indeed, Tatum is unique in having been able to present himself differently to two embattled communities. By day Tatum mingled with Carson and Sharpton; at night he attended dinners of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Over the years his position has hardened. In the Central Park jogger case, Tatum told *The Washington Post*: "There is just no evidence of a rape, none." Days

Hood Rap

On the first day of Rosh Hashana I went to Crown Heights with my friend Velma Hill, a leader of the A. Philip Randolph Institute and longtime civil rights activist, to meet with the black members of Community Board 9. Enid Ford, district manager of the board, Mildred Scott, chairman of the precinct council, and Joan Gill, a community activist, were present. The following is excerpted from the discussion.

"My belief is that we are not dealing with perceptions," Ford began. "It is reality. It has to do with not knowing why police are on Kingston Avenue [near Lubavitch headquarters] more than in the rest of the community while the rest of us are getting raped and mugged and everything else.... Now, if the Jewish community come together, and they often do, and go directly to the mayor, they get approval for programs. Well and good. I can go along with that: you need something for your people. If you can bypass the board because you are politically strong enough to do that, then so be it. Because we should be doing the same thing."

SCOTT: When I go to my church, and I come out, I will walk on the sidewalk, because that's the way I'm supposed to walk. And then I will cross at the street crossing. But that's not the way they walk. They walk in the street and the traffic has to stop for a certain period when they are coming out of the synagogue. So this is not a perception, these are things that are actually happening ... these people control the destiny of our lives.

GILL: What I'm saying is that how do we let two Jews get elected to the school board? That's number one. Number two: How do we let four Jews run for the area policy board? How do we let these things happen?... I saw it [the riots]. I'm very quiet. When I get started, I'm like cancer on you. I'm just trying to be cool now.... I don't care how many black officials we get elected. Nothing ever changes.

SCOTT: How many Hasidim were arrested? How many blacks? Very few Jews, if any at all. If he did something on the Sabbath, he could not be arrested!... They cannot be reached. They have all the goods and services. They are dominating the mayor, the commissioner, so why should they change what they're doing? Would you change? I wouldn't. They are powerful. We are powerless.

FORD: You mentioned one word that makes the difference: power. The difference between being unified and powerful, and being diversified and powerless.... It's not just here in Crown Heights, it's throughout the city.... Why are schools closed today? And why are they closed tomorrow? [Laughter]

GILL: Why am I off today?

FORD: And why was primary day changed from Tuesday to Thursday? We are talking about power!

HILL: Through all of the last thirty-one years, I have been a civil rights activist. And I know what happened to the civil rights bill in 1964. It was put together because of a coalition. When we went on those demonstrations, we were an integrated group. When I was in jail, and we called up people to get the money, we didn't say black or white or whatever. Now I'm saying this: we have gotten to a point now where we can't trust each other. Every little thing that we say to each other gets misconstrued. Blacks are not going to make it and Jews are not going to make it and I look over at that Hasidic community: they don't look too wealthy to me.

FORD: They are wealthy.

SCOTT: Very, very wealthy. Millionaires. Uh uh!

HILL: What I'm saying to all of you is that we've got to figure out some way to get to the next step. And whatever we do, it cannot be at the expense of somebody else. The movement can't be just Jewish, or just Catholic. You know who wins? The people who win are the racists. They love to see us fighting each other.

FORD: You almost come to blows with these people when, hey, they don't even know you're a human being. You don't sit down and do this to me. If you cannot respect me.... The rabbi said to me he didn't know that black people were humans; he thought they had tails.

HILL: Oh Enid, come on.

FORD: As Almighty God is my judge. I almost went berserk. This man has been overtly cooperative except that white people think that they can use me. I'll allow you to use me, not misuse me.

HILL: And then there was Rosenbaum, murdered. Those things are awful. I have heard nothing about him, the other person who died. I heard he was accosted by some young blacks who said, "Heil Hitler." What is the feeling about that? Look, racism is terrible. So is anti-Semitism. Black people know what it means to live under that stuff, and so do Jews.

SCOTT: The white man that was killed, everybody feels very bad about that. I wouldn't deem it a revenge killing. You know why? If it's a revenge killing, you kill the person, you go off. If you take the person's money, you had larceny, you had robbery on your mind, and that's the case with this.

HILL: But they also said, "Heil Hitler."

SCOTT: Well I don't know. I wasn't there. But I'm just saying what I perceived. If it's pure revenge, you're not gonna take the person's belongings.

HILL: They said, "Kill the Jew."... Look, I just want something cleared up. Black people, whether they're in Brooklyn, or Manhattan, or whatever—for the most part are a law-abiding community. There's a small element of black-on-black crime, but that is a small element, in my view, of the black community. There are some people who will kill a Rosenbaum, that may rob him and even say, "Heil Hitler." Those are not, in my view, normal people.

D.E.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before the Crown Heights riots, he championed the views of Jeffries in his paper. His August 17 editorial stated that the black community had "organized inside to save itself and the people of this city from conflagration that will surely come should any type of incident occur, by accident or design, that threatens the well-being of Professor Jeffries.... Blood will be on the hands of the [New York] *Post* should violence occur." The same issue included a tract by Joseph R. Mack:

> Those who live in glass houses should refrain from throwing stones. Let the Jews purge their Torah of anti-Africanism before they accuse any African man of anti-Semitism.... Let the purveyors of slavery ... stand on the verandas of their glass house and cry anti-Semitism as we Africans make inquiry as to whether the religion of the Jews was in fact gutter, particularly in the sense that it is anti-African.

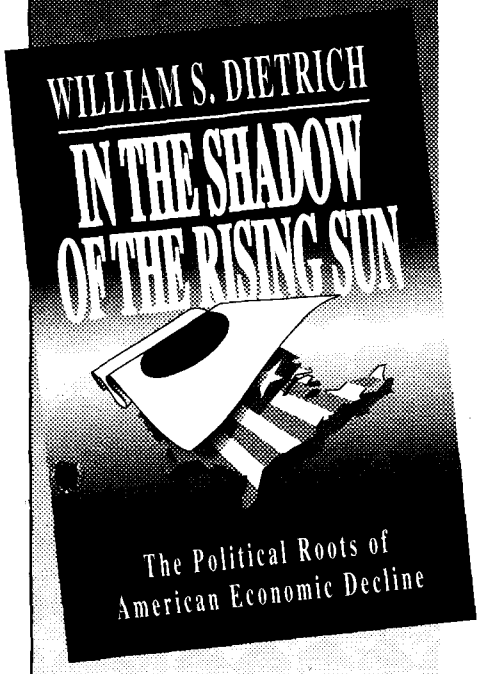
A recent headline in *The Amsterdam News* read: "Many Blacks, No Jews Arrested in Crown Heights."

I asked Tatum about Jeffries's theories of Jewish control. "Is there or is there not?" he said simply. "I think that the things Jeffries says need to be examined. I've never heard him do the melanin theory. Whether it came from him or whether he was quoting someone else I do not know. It has to stand the examination of scholarship." Then he told me a parable, one I was presumably designed to accept ingenuously: "In order to understand, you've got to walk in my shoes as well as in your own.... I journeyed to Germany to the concentration camp at Dachau. A Jewish woman screamed when she saw the oven. She grabbed me. And I was reminded then of why I was there. I had thought I had come for *them.* I realized then I had come for me. Because if I did not stand there now, then, when the time came, and it would, if I had not protected others, there would be no one to protect me."

Tatum and Dr. Charles Hamilton, a leading black scholar, are at opposite ends of the spectrum. Tatum's anti-Semitism is as little understood by liberals as Hamilton's opposition to the Sharpton-Jeffries axis. Hamilton, professor of political science at Columbia University, was co-author with Stokely Carmichael in 1967 of *Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America.* Hamilton and Carmichael called for liberation through untraditional political processes; blacks had to organize their "own political organisms" for the revolution ahead.

Although Hamilton soon moved away from the politics of the book, it could not have been easy for him to respond directly to my questions. But respond he did: "Part of the answer to silence on the part of black leaders to black anti-Semitism lies in vulnerable leadership. These people don't feel strong enough.... I read A.M. Rosenthal in the *Times,* who said this was not a matter of politics, this is a matter of morality. *Of course!* But all you're doing is recognizing the vulnerability of these kind of people. Remember they live there. They don't want to walk down the street and be told, 'You sold us

Can America emerge from the shadow of the Rising Sun?



"This book is important for at least three reasons. First, its author has the good judgment to emphasize the too-often overlooked political dimensions of the nation's recent economic problems. Second, just as others—with their fingers to the political winds—retreat from advocating an industrial policy, Bill Dietrich argues for such a policy and does so with strong evidence as well as conviction. Third, as CEO of a steel corporation and a recent Ph.D. in political science, he also writes with unique experience and perspective."
—Walter LaFeber, Cornell University

"A powerful call for a stronger government role to modernize the U.S. economic system. What makes it especially noteworthy is that the call comes from a business executive. When enough other CEOs join Bill Dietrich, we may be on the way to finding our proper place in the world economy." **—Robert Heilbroner, New School for Social Research**

"A must for everyone who is concerned about and wishes to understand the decline and devastation of our manufacturing capability or, for that matter, who wants to believe there is no problem."
—Lynn R. Williams, President, United Steelworkers of America

Available from your local bookseller, or
PENN STATE PRESS
360 pages $24.50
820 N. University Dr. University Park, PA 16802 814-865-1327

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out.' As they are given more support, they will have a greater sense of invulnerability.

"Professor Griff was invited by the Black Student Organization to come to Columbia a year and a half ago," Hamilton went on. "They said they wanted him [a 20-year-old] to speak on education in the year 2000. With all the statements he'd made, the Jewish students got up in arms. I spoke out against the choice. The black students were very disappointed in my reaction: 'Sell-out! Here is the co-author of *Black Power* and look, he's getting senile.' I say you have to do it. You have to do it!"

He continued: "As each semester goes by now, and the students hear me or read what I write, a respect comes. But at the moment, it was hell to pay. I say to the students: 'Our struggle over time is too important to be demeaned by that kind of thing.' Now, that reached them.... History is going to say, 'Hamilton, what did you say about Farrakhan? What did you say about Professor Griff?' And I want that record to be as clear as possible." On the outcome of the battle between Charles Hamilton and Wilbert Tatum, more than the future of Crown Heights now depends. •

The roots of the black-Jewish feud.

CROWN OF THORNS

By Jonathan Rieder

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Ever since a white driver hit and killed a 7-year-old black boy and this neighborhood erupted in violence last August, Crown Heights has joined Bensonhurst as a symbol of racial meanness. Yet here in Brooklyn, and across America, categories like black and white are no longer as clear as they once were. The driver was also a Hasidic Jew from the Lubavitcher sect, and his more assimilated brethren did not initially rush to the Hasid's defense. The victim, Gavin Cato, was the son of Guyanese immigrants. Although African-American militants tried to cajole the Caribbeans with visions of black power, the divisions between them remain vivid. And so if Crown Heights was a fight between the races and a war against the Jews, it was also an ethnic punch-out between Hasidim and blacks that reveals the dangers of tribalism and blacks' complex relationship to it.

Crown Heights would seem to vindicate the idea of democratic mixing. On many of its tree-lined streets of modest brownstone houses and low-lying apartment buildings, blacks and Jews live together. The population of roughly 150,000 includes almost 90,000 Caribbeans (half Jamaican, with many Haitians as well as Barbadians, Trinidadians, and Guyanese), 35,000 mainly Lubavitcher Jews, and about the same number of African Americans. For Alfred Kazin, peering out of the Brownsville ghetto, here on Eastern Parkway was where the Jewish "all-rightniks" lived. To aspiring West Indians in the 1950s Crown Heights was the ultimate in upward mobility. Notwithstanding the toll of crack, the Jamaican drug posses, and many poorer and marginally working-class blacks in the apartment buildings, the black residents are mainly working people of middling income, with many middle-class homeowners. The Jews, also primarily middle income, include not only some affluent but a sizable portion of the poor too.

Twenty-five years ago, recalls a West Indian old-timer, "Blacks were happy that the Jews were here, they kept the property values up." But the tensions between them have grown in recent decades and exploded on August 19 in an anti-Semitic rampage. The Lubavitchers, whose numbers include many Holocaust survivors, relived a painful history. "We had hoped that pogroms would remain only in history books," Rabbi Shmuel Butman told me. "This is not Poland in 1881. It's the United States in 1991!" In front of the main yeshiva on Eastern Parkway, a mob of blacks chanted, "Hitler didn't finish the job." Relying on mezuzahs and a black preteen informer, blacks searched out and attacked Jewish homes. On Rosh Hashana a bullet whizzed through a synagogue window. As a black mob pummeled the car with rocks and concrete, and shards of glass flew through the air, a Lubavitcher screamed to the driver, "Run them over, kill them!" He told me, "Those animals were going to kill us. I didn't do anything to them!" As angry blacks chased down Yankel Rosenbaum, they cried, "Kill the Jew." The man who thrust in the knife reportedly had a grudge against his Jewish landlord and recently had retaliated with swastika graffiti in the building's lobby.

Even four weeks after the car accident, a state of terrorism prevailed near the Cato home. A communal leader related how a black man put his face into a baby carriage and told the Jewish mother, "We're going to burn you Jews out of here if you don't get out. Leave now." And he was accosted by a man who screamed, "I'm

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever view you subscribe to, subscribe to The New York Review

In every issue of *The New York Review of Books* you'll find tremendous variety and intellectual excitement. Every other week the world's best writers and scholars address themselves to more than 130,000 readers who represent something important in America... people who know that the widest range of subjects—literature, politics, science, history, music, art, education—will be discussed with wit, clarity, and brilliance. And each issue contains the witty and wicked caricatures of David Levine.

Here's what readers of *The New York Review of Books* have enjoyed in recent issues:

JOHN SEARLE on the "Battle over the University."

FREDERICK CREWS on the strange fate of William Faulkner.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. on FDR's favorite maverick, Harold Ickes.

TATYANA TOLSTAYA on the deeply ingrained terror in Soviet life.

JAMES FENTON on Salman Rushdie's conversion.

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH on how Poland's Solidarity has broken apart.

JOAN DIDION on the Central Park jogger and the decline of New York.

ROGER PENROSE on the quantum, science's "biggest enigma."

ISAIAH BERLIN on Joseph de Maistre and the origins of fascism.

SAMIR AL-KHALIL on Iraq and its future.

OLIVER SACKS on blindness.

GARRY WILLS on the secret life of Charles Dickens.

JAMES FALLOWS on Japan's economic challenge to the West.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK on Henry James in New York.

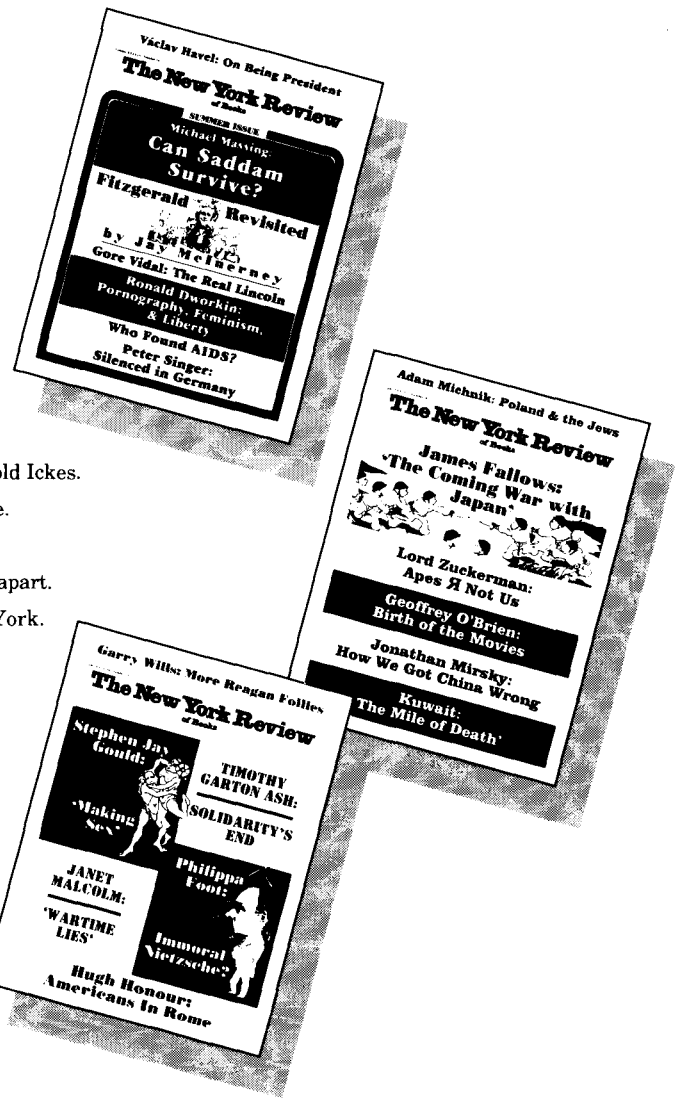
VÁCLAV HAVEL on Kafka.

V. S. NAIPAUL on intellectual tyranny.

ALFRED BRENDEL on the conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler.

JOHN UPDIKE on the German artist Caspar David Friedrich.

...and so much more in issue after issue.


Václav Havel: On Being President
The New York Review
Can Saddam Survive?
Fitzgerald Revisited
by Jay McInerney
Gore Vidal: The Real Lincoln
Ronald Dworkin: Pornography, Feminism, & Liberty
Who Found AIDS?
Peter Singer: Silenced in Germany
Adam Michnik: Poland & the Jews
The New York Review
James Fallows: 'The Coming War with Japan'
Lord Zuckerman: Apes Я Not Us
Geoffrey O'Brien: Birth of the Movies
Jonathan Mirsky: How We Got China Wrong
Kuwait: The Mile of Death'
Garry Wills: More Reagan Follies
The New York Review
Stephen Jay Gould:
TIMOTHY GARTON ASH:
SOLIDARITY'S END
JANET MALCOLM:
'WARTIME LIES'
Philippa Foot:
Immoral Nietzsche?
Hugh Honour: Americans In Rome

Now... a Full Year's Subscription (21 issues) at a significant saving off the Regular Rate PLUS an Exciting Bonus AND a No-Risk Guarantee. You'll receive:

21 ISSUES at the special money-saving rate of $19.95 (a phenomenal saving of almost 50 percent off the regular subscription rate).

A MIDDLE EAST READER, a handsome paperback collection of *New York Review* articles that will provide a better understanding of the explosive politics in the Middle East and the role taken by the United States. Contributors include Samir al-Khalil, Bernard Lewis, Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, and Avishai Margalit. It is yours as our gift to you.

RISK-FREE GUARANTEE: a full refund of the subscription fee is guaranteed at any time during the year—but you keep all issues and *A Middle East Reader*.

So subscribe now to *The New York Review of Books*, the journal where the liveliest intelligence, insight, and wit are brought to bear on today's most significant issues in books, politics, and the arts.

The New York Review of Books

Subscriber Service Dept., PO Box 420380, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0380

YES, you may enter my subscription to *The New York Review of Books* for a full year (21 issues) at the special rate of $19.95, a saving of almost 50% off the regular subscription rate. I will also receive *A Middle East Reader* at no extra charge. (Note: I understand this low rate will only apply for my first full year's subscription.)

Name_____

Address_____

City/State_____ Zip_____

❑ $19.95 enclosed* ❑ Send Bill Charge my ❑ Am Ex ❑ MasterCard ❑ Visa

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature_____

A1JNRX

*Payment accepted for checks in US Dollars drawn on American banks only. Full refund guaranteed. Offer good for new subscribers in the US only. Please allow six to eight weeks for receipt of your first copy. May not be used for gift subscriptions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to get my gun and shoot one of you motherfucking Jews, I'm going to put a bullet through those glasses on your head." When a Jewish family in the Cato building awoke to find a swastika on the door with the warning "Leave Now," they packed their bags.

The anti-Semitic thuggery left the Jewish community alone and wounded. Efforts by the sponsors of black-Jewish dialogue incensed one Lubavitcher. "I can't trust people who aren't Jewish to stand up for me. And now I am supposed to go explain myself to people who don't like me because I am different. Fuck you! We're supposed to be different. If you want to understand me, read the Bible. I should explain my Sukkot to you so you won't kill me?" A Jewish man who had always admired the moral courage of blacks asked with bitter perplexity, "What has happened to black people? Why will no black leaders condemn these black Nazis, the black Ku Klux Klan?"

PHOTO BY NINA BERMAN/SIPA PRESS

What was most distinctive about the anti-Semitism was its yoking to the violent rage of young blacks. Their retributive passion can flow against Jews, the police, white people in general, Korean grocers, a white woman jogging in Central Park, black reporters. For the provincial who know Jews only as the Hasidim nearby, "Jew" may simply indicate your local tribal opponents. "Jew" for some denotes the most immediate incarnation of white people; one agitator cursed "the Jew Caucasians." Before a mob dragged Jimmy Breslin from a taxi and savagely beat him, the cry went up: "White man. White man." Breslin's black rescuer explained, "It isn't just you. They don't like white people." Other youths yielded to wilding, looting stores owned by Jews, and Iranians, and Koreans, scooping up the goods at the Sneaker King and the Gold Exchange. The frenzy of the hoodlums who seized the streets was not without political content. Some see injustice in the police refusal to arrest the driver who ran over the Cato boy, in this summer's attacks by Canarsie whites on black residents, and in the innocent verdict in the St. John's case, in which white defendants allegedly sexually abused a Jamaican student. The mob chasing Rosenbaum chanted the activist mantra, "No Justice, No Peace."

African-American youths from the projects were highly visible in the rioting, and after the first night they streamed into Crown Heights from outside the community. But a striking feature was the participation of many Caribbean youths. After the grand jury failed to indict the Jewish driver, the sound of reggae blared on President Street, "Hunt down all the white men and murder them." According to local blacks, Jamaican youths predominated among the Caribbeans, and Peter Noel's piece in *The Village Voice* captured that Jamaican presence: "We ah go bu'n [burn] dem devils, Rasta. We want justice. We nah want nonna dem marchin bizness.... Night time ah de right time. We ah fe dead fe justice! Dead."

This involvement marks a generational chasm that may expand the market for resentment politics among Caribbeans. Many striving West Indians have associated American "blacks" with criminality and shiftlessness, and worry that the street values will capture their kids. As Philip Kaznitz, author of *Caribbean New York*, astutely observes: "Many Caribbean parents are shocked at what their children are becoming—or as they see it—what being black has done to their children. 'You're becoming American,' they scold." And many second- and third-generation West Indian youths, as well as African-American ghetto kids, ape the Johnny-too-bad style of the Jamaican drug posses, dreadlocks and all. The Badass of gangster rap and the Rude Boy of reggae both embody an ethos of defiant masculinity at odds with Mayor David Dinkins's aura of decorous respectability. When he went to the Cato family's house, his plea for peace was met with a fuselage of bottles, and the cries of: "Traitor" and "The mayor's not safe."

As during last year's boycott of the Korean grocers who "disrespected" a Haitian woman, African-American separatists—Sonny Carson, Al Sharpton, Alton Maddox—sought to capitalize on Caribbean anger. Car-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LUXURY TAX:

A LUXURY THE AMERICAN PUBLIC CAN DO WITHOUT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LUXURY TAX:

A JOB DESTROYER

Apparently intent on "soaking the rich," Congress instead has socked it to working men and women across the country. Job losses continue to mount every day.

- A Temple, Barker & Sloane study predicted in May that at least 3,275 Americans employed by high-line auto dealerships would lose their jobs this year solely as a result of the luxury tax. Working people like mechanics, porters, and sales personnel.

- A recent AIADA survey of its high-line dealers found that they had already laid off 7,500 employees. Working people like parts personnel, secretaries, and janitors.

- Three high-line manufacturers recently announced substantial layoffs in their U.S. headquarters and field offices. Working people like receptionists, sales reps, and drivers.

- The boat and airplane building and retailing industries already have laid off nearly 20,000 Americans. Working people like craftsmen, mold makers, and mechanics.

- The jewelry and fur industries report widespread job losses as well. Working people like gem cutters, goldsmiths, and fur farmers.

When the rich don't buy so-called "luxury" items, working people are hurt. They and their families—not the rich—are the victims of the luxury tax.

Congress should repeal this job-destroying legislation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LUXURY TAX:

A REVENUE LOSER

Congress thought it would reduce the deficit by "soaking the rich." But the luxury tax is a revenue loser. And the revenue losses continue to mount every day.

- The Temple, Barker & Sloane study predicted that the federal government and state governments would lose over $135 million in 1991 alone solely as a result of the luxury tax on automobiles. Reduced auto sales of $1.3 billion will translate into reduced dealership income tax payments of $26 million, lost customs duties of $22.5 million, lost gas guzzler revenues of $22.5 million, and lost state sales tax revenues of $64.5 million.

- These estimates do not include the cost of enforcing the tax, paying unemployment benefits to the thousands of workers losing their jobs, or reduced tax payments by workers out of jobs.

- Nor do they include rebates the Treasury Department will be forced to pay next year to dealers who are no longer profitable and take advantage of the "loss carryback" provisions of the Internal Revenue Code designed by Congress decades ago to help businesses that suddenly are hit with losses after years of profitability.

When the rich don't buy so-called "luxury" items, small business men and women are hurt. When they no longer make profits or are forced to lay off thousands of employees, the federal government and state treasuries lose too. This isn't a deficit reducer. It's a fiscal folly.

Congress should repeal this revenue-losing legislation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LUXURY TAX:

A MISGUIDED MISTAKE

Designed to "soak the rich," the luxury tax hasn't worked as advertised. It's not only a job killer and a revenue loser, but poor safety policy as well. And it's hurting Detroit, not just imports.

- The larger more expensive cars bearing the burden of the tax historically have been the leaders in innovative safety developments such as airbags and anti-lock braking systems. These cars promote progress in vehicle technology that ultimately benefits all consumers.

- According to the Motor Vehicle Manufacturers Association, an estimated minimum of 65 percent of the autos sold at prices exceeding $30,000 in the 1990 model year were manufactured by domestic manufacturers. As a result of pending and recently enacted legislative and regulatory changes to improve safety, emissions, and fuel economy, the price of cars will escalate, subjecting even more cars, like family-sized sedans and station wagons, to the luxury tax.

Congress repealed a broad range of luxury taxes in 1965 because they were costing more to enforce than they were raising in revenue. And four times over the last decade Congress repealed short-lived major pieces of legislation that had not worked as advertised.

The time has now come for Congress to agree that the luxury tax is a luxury the American public can do without.

This message sponsored by:
The Federation Against Inequitable and Regressive Taxation (FAIRTAX)
The American International Automobile Dealers Association (AIADA)

This BRIEFINGS is one of a series of special reports sponsored by corporations and associations. The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of The New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son's statement addressed the youthful warriors who had smashed Jewish windows and heads: "White America, Black Uncle Toms ... call you hoodlums. We call you the children of Malcolm X." Underneath a picture of a black youth smashing a huge wooden pole through a police car windshield ran the exhortation to "The Heroes of Crown Heights Rebellion" to remember Soweto and Palestine. This political psychodrama was the nationalists' identity-boosting version of "You are somebody." Boyz N the Hood had become the [illegible]tifa.

The demagogues worked to enfold the Caribbeans in a larger community of black affliction, bound together by the racist enemy. At Howard Beach this made sense; the white mob did not discriminate between their West Indian victims and American blacks. But in Crown Heights the moral equivalence was between Yankel Rosenbaum and Yusuf Hawkins, both killed by racial hatred. Dinkins belatedly made the equation, branding the killing of Rosenbaum a lynching. But that scrambled the boundaries of the community. Fuming at Dinkins, black nationalist Elombe Brath restored the line, with a distinction between "retaliatory murder" (Rosenbaum) and "premeditated murder" (Hawkins). A simple emotional economy underlay his abhorrence of mixing: sympathy was reserved for those within "the family," the phrase the black radio station WLIB uses in its preachments to buy black and "keep it in the family." There were brother people and other people, Africans and devils, sun people and ice people.

The imagery of the family's vulnerable youth helped transmute an accident into racist intentionality. Speaking at the funeral, as if the Cato boy were brother to the Scottsboro boys, Sharpton placed little Gavin in an Afrocentric family formed by the line of blacks destroyed by white malevolence—including the martyrs of the outer boroughs, Hawkins and Michael Griffith, and the four girls blown up in a Birmingham church. The plausible formulations of "Our children are dying" and "We are killing our children" were rejected in favor of, to quote Carson on Cato's death, "They"—meaning the crackers—"are killing our children." Dinkins sat alone in the church, but in a show of racial solidarity, Sharpton included him in the family: "These people don't like you no better than they like us." Carson outdid everyone, loonily invoking the Jeffrey Dahmer cannibalism in Milwaukee: "Now they're eating us."

However, the diversity of opinion among Brooklyn "blacks" defied the effort to bind them into a vast black community. The rioters, a Barbadian woman complained to me, put a stigma on West Indians. On a Brooklyn subway a Jamaican woman railed that Jews murdered a black boy and white police had refused to arrest him. A Vincentian woman, who described this to me, answered the Jamaican: it was an accident, it wasn't murder, there's a difference. An African-American woman jumped in—her son was killed by a car driven by a black man, and he wasn't indicted either: She wanted revenge, but came to understand, this is the law. The Jamaican woman insisted that this is just what whites did to blacks in Jamaica a long time ago. This was a fight not about facts but about preferred narratives: how to construe history, how to explain affliction, how long to hold a grudge.

Neither was Crown Heights totally marked by black-Jewish recrimination. Gavin Cato had played with Jewish children on his block. Two years ago a black driver without license, registration, or insurance ran over and killed a young Hasidic child. "Did the Jewish community put 150 cops in the hospital?" Butman asked me. "Did Jews vandalize African-American homes?" Another Lubavitcher recalled, "The man was shaken, so the Jews brought him coffee. They acted like mensches." After the riots some black neighbors took pains to declare, "That wasn't me," indirectly, by nodding, or, as Jews on the Catos' block reported to me, telling Jews of their anger that hoodlums made a fuss over an accident. A Haitian cabbie empathized with Lubavitcher nervousness: "As I get close, I can tell, the Jews are thinking, 'What's he going to do to me? Is he one of the guys who broke my windows?'"

Early on there were rumbles of resentment over the African-American putsch of a West Indian community. Even the angriest Jamaican youths did not line up behind the American activists. Carson's lame effort to unfurl the Guyanese flag at Cato's funeral, a Pan-Africanist version of eating bagels and cannoli on election day, signaled the activists' predicament. As the West Indian-American Day Parade beckoned, Caribbeans opted for the release of Carnival. Carson repudiated the parade: "It was a shame before God that [2 million] people had the audacity to party ... where the [Cato] boy was killed." The Caribbean community struck back hard in the *Carib News*. Where did African-American activists get the nerve "to tell the Caribbean community ... how best to conduct struggles for justice"? Many prominent Caribbean leaders affirmed the healing of Hasidic-black dialogue. One of them, in a sharp turnabout, decried the Rev. Herbert Daughtry's critique of "grinning and skinning" at Carnival as disrespecting Caribbean people.

If the Caribbean leadership mainly rejects the politics of racial resentment, this does not mean that it is immune to tribal animosities. New York City is full of such schisms: Italians against blacks, Satmar Hasidim against Lubavitcher Hasidim, Haitians against Koreans. West Indians blamed the rioting on American blacks. Bajuns tell you "the Jamaicans did it." The Orthodox Jews who used to read Meir Kahane's fulminations in *The Jewish Press* shared his recoil from "Hellenized" Jews on the Upper West Side. And so it is not strange that the black and Lubavitcher tribes of Crown Heights have been fighting for decades over power, real estate, respect, and alternate-side parking spaces. Black-Lubavitcher tensions there, like the explosive struggle between Satmar Hasidim and Hispanics in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, must be understood in terms of these real conflicts.

Lubavitchers rightly bristle at the idea of "legitimate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complaints." As an apology for anti-Semitic violence, it is obscene. Were there two sides to Auschwitz? a Lubavitcher demanded of me. Himmler had grievances. Yet such a stance does not explain the plaints of Jewish arrogance and special treatment that long have been voiced by dignified Caribbean pluralists who hold no truck with Carson and the Rude Boys.

This history begins with a weird version of ethnic succession. The pious Hasidim—Jews not enamored of enlightenment pieties and mixing with the gentiles—find themselves in their earthly predicament because they did not run from racial transition. In the 1960s, as pressure on Crown Heights from blacks intensified, panic-plying realtors worked to stampede whites. Many of the Lubavitchers' less observant Jewish comrades, as well as many Hasidim of different sects, fled southward to places like Canarsie or jumped to "The Island." But Rebbe Schneerson, the Lubavitchers' spiritual leader, told his flock to stay, and they did.

The Lubavitchers, religious triumphalists unimpressed by the refinements of civil religion, were hardly prime candidates for this mission. Law-and-order pro-life Republicans nationally, more Orthodox Jews tend to prize integration less—with anybody, but especially with blacks. Even without their fierce spiritual identity, fear of black crime would have produced a certain huddling together. Over the decades, the Orthodox community in Crown Heights has been victimized by brutal street crime, and the culprits have usually been blacks. In a famous 1975 case a robber, enraged at getting no booty, killed an Auschwitz survivor who was traveling without money in deference to Sabbath requirements. Crown Heights blacks interrupted the funeral procession with taunts of "Heil Hitler" and "Hitler was right."

The Lubavitchers responded to danger in a geopolitical fashion: with patrols and border guards. That these pallid Torah-lovers could intimidate black and Hispanic muggers may strain credulity. But when it comes to Jewish survival, such partisans of Judeocentricity are not restrained by liberal squeamishness. One guardian I met in Canarsie, a non-Lubavitcher Orthodox Jew, recalled, "We had vigilantes in Crown Heights, and we stopped the niggers there!" Imagine you are a Williamsburg Latino, out for a stroll. As you approach a Hasidic block, the shriek of whistles summons scores of bearded men dressed in black hats who tweet until you reach the next block, and its whistleblowers begin their shrieking.

In Crown Heights as in Williamsburg, the Hasidic crime patrols, rather than trust New York courts, have sometimes preferred to do the punishing themselves. Local blacks as well as Jews have at times exulted when Lubavitcher patrols beat a car thief or a mugger, and over the years there have even been efforts at joint black and Jewish patrols. But the Lubavitchers' vigorous questioning of blacks they deem out of place, as when they physically detained a black youth merely because he was racing for the subway, has rankled some as racist presumption. Black reaction was intense in 1978 when a large group of Lubavitchers, following an unrelated police killing of a black businessman, beat a black youth to a pulp—he nearly died—after he allegedly grabbed a man's yarmulke. The trial strategy of the Hasidim did not suggest that Jews were a justice-loving people who valued race-neutral procedures: they placed the defendants in the spectator section, surrounded by many other Jews with black hats and beards. The witnesses could not, as they say, "tell them apart." That incident spurred the formation of the United Front, the first organized effort of blacks to fight Lubavitcher power.

The ability of the Hasidim to organize crime patrols reflects the communal power that flows from their cohesiveness and bloc-voting. Divested of their conspiratorial edge, black complaints of special Jewish privilege are not just projective fantasy. Mayoral candidates, Governor Cuomo, and international politicians come to pay their respects to Schneerson. In countless ways, Lubavitchers have used the political process to gain public funds, and to concentrate Jewish power they have succeeded in placing the Bedford-Stuyvesant portion of the old Crown Heights beyond the borders of the current district. Blacks have also charged that police pamper Lubavitchers on Jewish holidays, by showing undue deference when they violate parking regulations and by letting them rope off Kingston Street, thereby restricting black access. For years before the accident, the Grand Rebbe's police guard had drawn black resentment as the embodiment of Jewish "special treatment." (In good tribal fashion, this arrangement originated in a threat not from Al Sharpton, but from fellow Hasidim in the rival Satmar sect.)

This is why, interpreted by blacks primed to be suspicious by a local history with Jews as well as general skepticism about fair treatment, the murky particulars of the Cato accident, especially as distorted by demagogues, could so easily trigger black indignation. If you were not schooled in New York law on vehicular manslaughter but believed the police favored Lubavitchers, the failure to arrest and indict the Jewish driver might confirm your conviction that Jews get special treatment and blacks, as Sharpton kept repeating, get "the short end of the stick."

The Lubavitchers answer back: So who's stopping you from organizing? Butman says, "An organized community is not synonymous with organized crime. That should be emulated, not destroyed. If blacks would like tips to organize, we'd be pleased to share. But you can't complain. You have an *obligation* to organize your community."

The statement has the same edge as the Lubavitchers' definition of black grievances as self-evident jealousy; after all, as one leader observes, "The Jewish community works, the Jewish community is not on crack, the Jewish community does not have single-parent families." Yet this unvarnished style of talking only says publicly what many liberals, and black leaders, actually say privately: there is a tendency in black political culture to avoid collective responsibility. After all, wielding influence is no mystery. It is what democratic theory says citizens should do. And in fact, the black charge of powerless-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness seems like an anachronistic ruse. The Crown Heights councilwoman is an African American; the assemblyman is a Caribbean; the mayor and police commissioner are African Americans.

Black nationalism has tended to follow the line of blaming enemies. But one Bajan woman, although angry the police did not charge the Jewish driver, asked, "Did the Jews make those black hoodlums take crack? What does looting sneakers and gold jewelry have to do with Gavin Cato's death?" This counterpoint may be a rising strain in black nationalist discourse: Don't trash Korean grocery stores, let's start our own; picket crack houses rather than grocers "who don't look like us." On WLIB recently Daughtry, a scourge of Crown Heights and Williamsburg Hasidim, conceded that the problem was not the Jews. "What is it with us? We need to take a long hard look at ... *our* own lethargy, *our* disillusionment with the system." The Lubavitchers are practicing ethnic power in a form that black power advocates would be happy to achieve.

The Hasidim have used their power in the realm of real estate. Black militants have seized on Jewish patrols among blacks and territorial expansion to support the imagery of West Bank land-grab. A Caribbean leader put it more simply: "The Hasidim are desperate for space." The size of Lubavitcher families increases pressure to expand, and Caribbean influx adds to the squeeze. The Jews have responded with zeal, aggressively getting city monies for renovating homes, sometimes making cash purchases at top-of-the-market prices, and pressuring black homeowners to sell.

The Jews are convinced that without them Crown Heights might become another slum. But that retort is not likely to assuage the resentment of less privileged blacks who cannot afford the homes Jews are buying. Given the scarcity of good housing, the Jewish advance takes on the appearance of menacing encroachment.

For proud, dignified Caribbeans, who have a virtually Anglophilic dislike of "rudeness," a request to buy their home is chutzpah. One man fumed, "They knocked on my door! And then they had the nerve to tell me, 'Why don't you sell, I have a need, my need is greater than yours.' I told him, 'I don't want to sell. This is my homestead.' And they still came back! They see nothing wrong with this aggressiveness." The entire gestural style of the Lubavitchers is at odds with Caribbean manners. "They walk down the sidewalk seven-strong, and push you into the gutter" complains one Trinidadian. "I have to stand my ground on my own sidewalk." This seeming pushiness on the streets is reinforced by the Lubavitchers' spatial assertion of their culture. Recently a group of Lubavitchers started pounding on the hood of a West Indian doctor's car because he was driving past the synagogue on the Sabbath. If all this can strike blacks as disrespectful, what they don't see is that young blacks often greet Lubavitcher pedestrians with icy stares, or that blacks leaving the bars on Nostrand Avenue often do not treat Jews trying to sleep with politeness. Most important, many Lubavitchers seem insensitive not only to blacks but to any non-Jews, and even to their fellow Lubavitchers.

Rivalries of culture, real estate, and power can easily upset the delicate balance between pluralism and difference. In such moments of suspicion, it is easy to wound and be wounded, to misunderstand and be misunderstood. Schneerson's silence on the Cato death, which may have a spiritual rationale, has pained many Jews and outraged blacks. As *The Jewish Week* reported, Schneerson made cryptic remarks about the need to "care about non-Jews and the world at large," but how Crown Heights figured in the larger messianic vision was a subject of Lubavitcher debate. This was all pretty obscure stuff. What did get through to blacks via the tabloids were the callous comments of a single rabbi, later disavowed by the Hasidic command, that Lubavitchers had nothing to apologize for. There were other messages, to be sure, but the black activists preferred to inflame with rhetoric about "the arrogance of Jews." At the very first press conference after the riots, Rabbi Shea Hecht lit a yahrzeit candle for Gavin Cato and expressed his heartfelt condolences. And Lubavitcher neighbors called on the Cato home and told Gavin's uncle of their sorrow at the loss of a precious life.

In Brooklyn and the nation, the clashes of rising and falling groups will generate tribal heat. For the Caribbeans, class resentment, racial outrage, and anti-Semitism will remain threats to the still-dominant versions of ethnic competition. Meanwhile, they will seek greater power. If that offends our sense of universalism, we need to remember that Lubavitchers have zealously tried to realize not simply what's good for mankind, or for Jews as a whole, but for their special tribe of Jews. The Hasidim's decision to march in the Caribbean Day parade this year was not only graciousness but a shrewd concession to the altered environment in which they must promote their interests.

The parade is the central public symbol of West Indian cultural affirmation, a carnival of steel band music and riotous celebration. People work on their elaborate costumes for months. For years it has galled Caribbeans that the Lubavitchers, who demand so much deference for their ceremonies, have called for rerouting the parade so that it doesn't pass the main yeshiva on Eastern Parkway. Until right before the parade, some Lubavitchers, afraid of violence, were calling for postponing it. In a healing move, Carlos Lezama, the head of the Parade Association, invited the Lubavitchers to participate. Momentarily, Brooklyn returned to its more benign form of tribalism: a pragmatic entente tinged with the submerged tension of difference. The Lubavitchers were uncomfortable about the lasciviousness that is part of Carnival but violates Orthodox taboos on immodesty, and they worried about the Jew-haters in the crowd. Meanwhile, Caribbean leaders quipped backstage, "Did you hear what happened to Rabbi Butman?" "No, I heard everything was quiet at Carnival," said the second. "Yes, the Rabbi won the best costume award." •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Municipal Bonds

In one regard John Sayles resembles Woody Allen: he has had on-the-job training as director and has benefited from it. Of course almost all directors learn as they go along, but not many have started at the low level of these two. Like Allen, Sayles began as a writer; filming, to him, apparently meant merely adding pictures to his scripts. Now he understands cinematic resources and how to rely on them. With **City of Hope** (Samuel Goldwyn), which he edited as well as wrote and directed, the making of the film is so good that it nearly masks the screenplay's shortcomings.

The subject is the American city, its geist in our zeit. (The title is the name of an apartment project.) This city is in New Jersey and is never called Jersey City or Newark. The story is multistranded, with elements that are Italian, Irish, Hispanic, Jewish, black, and ethnically nondescript. The point of each story is to examine morality and to show that, like stretch socks, one sleazy morality fits all these days. This is hardly the whole truth about our cities and their people, but neither is it only sour fantasy; and it's the Swiftian charge that Sayles wants to level.

The hazards in urban life for physical survival portrayed in *Boyz N the Hood* are here transmuted into those for moral survival. Not much hope in the city of hope, says Sayles—at least for males. The only staunchly ethical people in the film are female, and this may be a negative compliment: none of these women is on the ethical front lines.

As director and editor, Sayles's first problem was to balance and control the many strands. But instead of viewing this as a problem, he took it as an opportunity. He devised his film as a concourse of cinematic streams, and he made the interweaving of those streams more than a narrative method: it's almost the substance of the film.

Flow is the dominant stylistic idea. Many minutes pass before the first cut is used. We stay with one character or group until we meet others, who take us to a third, then back to the first, and so on. The first fade-to-black—and there aren't many—doesn't occur until the film is well along.

This method replicates, in the picture's very being, the texture of the city as organism, the interdependence of supposedly individual drives. The life of the city is a series of small wars and treaties and tributes, all under the sovereign eyes of a few leaders, white and black, who themselves win, no matter what happens to the small fry (which includes the mayor).

And this method is helped by the way Sayles sees his people. Very much of the film is shot quite close up, not with immense stupid screen-filling heads, but with a sense of accompaniment. We are *with* this man or that woman at virtually every moment. The cinematographer, Robert Richardson, gives these faces his prime attention. He even finds ways to light Vincent Spano, the chief white male, in ways that take Spano's face from its former flabbiness to some distinction.

Sayles's view of our souls is gloomy. A successful construction boss, Tony Lo Bianco, who has tried to play things generally straight, is forced under political pressure to permit arson in some of his properties. His son, Spano, feeling estranged from his father, drifts into crime. An idealistic black city councilman, Joe Morton, who is fighting corruption as well as those other blacks who think he is Whitey's tool in Whitey's politics, succumbs to the use of demagoguery as a means to success.

What's even gloomier is Sayles's one attempt at a ray of hope. A white jogger is attacked by two black teenagers, and when the jogger tells the police, the youths contend that the jogger approached them homosexually. A ruckus follows in the press. Then the mother of one of the youths (more female staunchness) persuades her son to tell the truth. At the last he and the jogger are jogging together.

This is the most blatant instance, because cheery, of a recurrent flaw. Sayles's conspectus of the city is presented with candor and considerable verve. But when he begins to dramatize, he begins to wobble. (Again like Woody Allen.) Along with many another screenwriter and playwright before him, he is honest in intent but deficient in art. His dramatic devices are as stale and contrived as those used by much less honest writers.

The romance between Spano and a divorcée is tediously predictable. The

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Boyz N the Hood. *Black youths trying to survive in the L.A. black ghetto. Sheer force overcomes some ungainly filmmaking. (Reviewed 9/2/91)* **Dead Again.** *A time-travel murder mystery, done with high-Hollywood flourish. Kenneth Branagh (he directed) and Emma Thompson play double roles takingly. (9/16&23/91)* **The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe.** *Worth its long title. Jane Wagner wrote and Lily Tomlin plays this one-person gallery of characters. Distinctions among them get a bit blurry, but much of it is uncomfortably funny. (10/7/91)* **Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll.** *Another one-person show, this one written by the performer, Eric Bogosian. He is more trenchant than Tomlin-Wagner, but less funny. He, too, casts a sharp eye on the world, but he, too, gets a bit blurry. (10/7/91)* —**SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vengeance of the woman's ex-husband, the results of the arson, Spano's agreement to take part in a robbery with two patent fools—all these are mechanisms that Sayles sets up for his own ends. And he uses a demented man as a motif throughout the story the way Middle European writers once used village idiots, as symbols of latent irrationality amid seemingly rational people.

But the verve is there. I'd guess that Sayles has been studying Scorsese and has learned ways to make his picture seem to be hurtling forward even when two or three people are merely talking—by filling the shot with supplementary action, like walking down a corridor or getting into a car. Occasionally there's a really striking shot, e.g., two cops in a patrol car seen from the back seat, with the world outside fuzzy. It makes the police car a mobile fortress, a refuge, in the midst of turmoil.

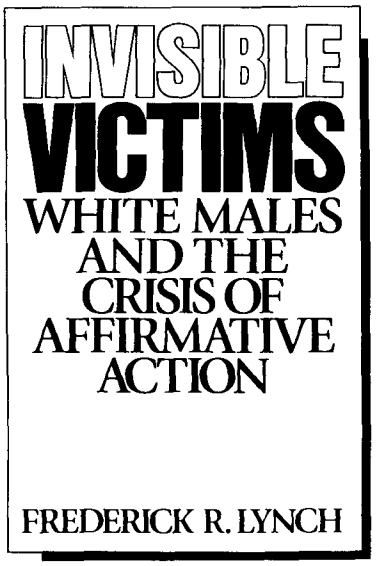
Spano is good enough. Lo Bianco strives for a solidity that doesn't come easily. Sayles himself plays a low-level crime boss with acid nastiness. Morton very nearly succeeds in making the councilman likable despite the character's discomfort at his own righteousness. Barbara Williams as Spano's girlfriend and Angela Bassett as Morton's wife fill in the conventions of two conventional roles.

One unheralded return is the appearance of Lawrence Tierney as an Irish *capo*. Tierney played the lead in *Dillinger* (1945) and, though he has appeared in a number of films since then, has been chiefly noted for his off-screen escapades, sometimes in saloons. Here he has weight and conviction as a man who has seen a good deal of the seamy side and can now afford to wax philosophical.

David Strathairn, respected in the theater, plays the demented man, who is first glimpsed in prison, then winds through various scenes right to the end. Sayles has contrived a finish that reunites Lo Bianco and Spano, alienated father and son, on a high floor of one of pop's unfinished buildings late at night. Spano needs help, and Lo Bianco calls down for help into the almost deserted street. The only one down there is the madman, who merely mimics the cry for help. The camera holds on him, from above, to finish the picture.

This whole last sequence is another script gimmick, but once more Sayles almost redeems it cinematically. Strathairn is seen only in long shot—possibly the most distant long shot in the film. This contrasts with the closeness of most of the people most of the time. The long shot in itself is the best element in Sayles's irony—a distant madman mimicking cries for help in the middle of this dark, unresponding city. •

The Most Politically *Incorrect* Study of Affirmative Action



"Frederick Lynch's book describes how affirmative action works in real life and points to some very disturbing effects." —**Nathan Glazer, Harvard University**

"In making highly visible the invisible victims, Lynch succeeds brilliantly in lighting up the Byzantine recesses of the federal bureaucracy. A good subtitle would be: How the old inequality has been replaced by the new inequality." —**Robert Nisbet, Columbia University**

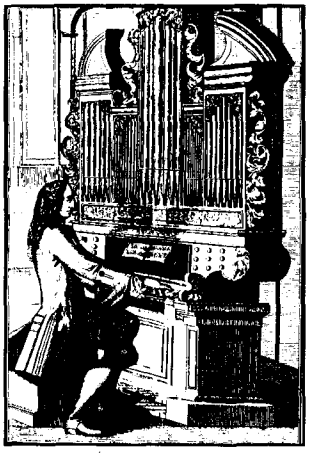
"This excellent book is about real rather than potential victims, those who have suffered directly because racial preferences have disrupted or ended their careers. —**Joseph Adelson, University of Michigan**

"Anyone seriously interested in race relations and sex roles must read this book." —**William Beer in *Social Forces***

$14.95 at bookstores, or call toll-free: 1-800-225-5800, ID #7377

Praeger Publishers
An imprint of Greenwood Publishing Group, Inc.
88 Post Road West, Box 5007, Westport, CT 06881

Two by Peter Kivy



Music Alone
Philosophical Reflections on the Purely Musical Experience

"Kivy displays a sharp sense of the kinds of considerations that are pertinent to the philosophy of music, making deft and transparent use of musical examples; and the clarity and elegance of his writing do justice to what is, he makes us feel, perhaps the most delicate and fascinating problem in aesthetics." —*Times Literary Supplement.*
$10.95 paper

Sound and Semblance
Reflections on Musical Representation

"Unfailingly intelligent and imaginative, and very well illustrated." —*Music Review.* $12.95 paper

At bookstores or direct from— *Cornell University Press*
124 Roberts Place, Ithaca NY 14850

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sacred Monster

By Roger Shattuck

The Divine Sarah: A Life of Sarah Bernhardt by Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

(Knopf, 353 pp., $30)

Do we have reason to distinguish between a famous person and a "celebrity"? I suspect that the modern category "celebrity" connotes a significant degree of induced fame, of notoriety attributable not to high birth or attained position or heroic exploits, but to the operations of the new profession of publicity. Nobody called himself a publicist before the nineteenth century. The most colorful pioneer in the field was Félix Nadar, photographer, balloonist, adventurer, and protector of Impressionist painters. But whom can we identify as the first celebrity in the modern sense? Possibly Rousseau, who made his name by winning an essay contest with a polemic against progress and later rusticated his image by refusing to wear a wig, a sword, and white hose. And one of the purest of the early celebrities must have been the commoner who did nothing in life but cultivate perfect elegance in dress and decorum, frequent elegant friends, and run up large debts—the original dandy Beau Brummel.

Closer to us, a strong case could be made for proposing Sarah Bernhardt (1844-1923) as the greatest celebrity of her era. Not because her accomplishments were so slender as Brummel's—quite the contrary, she had the talent and the discipline to become a very successful actress—but because the pillar of cloud and fire that went before her wherever she traveled was larger and denser than anyone else's. Every friend and enemy agrees that among Bernhardt's talents, self-promotion rated very high. Just listen to the stories.

At the height of her acting career, Bernhardt did not make bows after a performance; she held her hands under her chin or next to her cheeks, paused, and then threw her arms out in front of her to recognize and to embrace the delirious audience. When she descended a spiral staircase, it looked as if she were standing still and the staircase were turning. She was boarded in a convent school and went home to a high-class brothel. In her youth a band of Paris *galants* eagerly drank champagne from a tub in which she was bathing in their midst, and they were not perturbed to discover, in finishing off the wine, a pint more than they had poured in. Not to be outdone, the Bunyanesque Americans drank Lake Ontario dry after Sarah Bernhardt had swum in its waters.

In 1921, when Bernhardt was 77, a crowd of 5,000 gathered to meet her train when it arrived in Madrid; by then she had lost one leg, and the men laid down their coats in front of those who carried the actress to her hotel. She gave her admirer the Prince of Wales the role of a corpse in Dumas's *Fédora*. The great English actress Ellen Terry described her friend as "thin as a harrow." Cartoonists all over the world reveled in Sarah Bernhardt's famous S position—head facing one way, shoulders another, hips yet another. They drew her undulating like a serpent. On one of her several farewell tours in the United States, a cowboy who claimed he had ridden 300 miles to see her tent show pulled a gun when he was told the performance was sold out; and pacified with a standing room pass, the cowboy drawled, "Say, what does this gal do—sing or dance?" (We are not told whether he stood through a whole evening in French.) And, as everybody must have heard, she slept in her personal coffin, with or without her legion of famous lovers.

None of these anecdotes represents pure invention. All display, however, the fine art of embroidery. And these decibels of gossip invaded the domain of serious literature. Alphonse Daudet's roman à clef, *The Nabob* (1876), casts Sarah Bernhardt as a sculptress, an art that she had taken up with considerable success, and the notorious Duc de Morny as her lover, instead of her aunt's or her mother's. One of the best novels by Edmond de Goncourt, *La Faustin* (1881), follows the life of an actress based primarily on Bernhardt's career. And thirty years later Marcel Proust modeled the acting of his fictional La Berma on Bernhardt's revival of *Phèdre* in 1893.

When Bernhardt herself wrote a weak-kneed novel, *The Idol of Paris*, she refers to Esperance, her actress-heroine, as "a force of nature, born only once in 100 years, like Joan of Arc." At the end of the story, a convenient medical diagnosis thwarts the panting dukes and counts who hope to end her stage career in marriage. If Esperance is not allowed to act, "neurasthenia or madness await her." She must have love *and* the stage. And quite emphatically, Sarah Bernhardt did just that.

The anecdotes and the escapades obscure the essential fact that Sarah Bernhardt seized professional independence when she was 36. She founded, administered, and inspired a large touring and repertory company with a home theater in Paris. Her impresarios worked for her, not vice versa. She raised money, read and chose plays, designed sets and costumes, set styles, directed performances, and starred in all of them: she was Diaghilev and Nijinsky rolled into one. This new biography opens brilliantly by plunging us with little delay into a full-page description by Edmond Rostand of a typical day from noon to near dawn—feverish administrative activities, rehearsals without compromise, an evening performance, studying a part before sleep, no lovers, lots of laughter.

The Divine Sarah was a one-woman institution. We should not assume the existence of male power, sinister or sugary, behind her scrim. And it all happened a century ago! Madonna has almost broken free of the entertainment "industry." Streisand has her own production company. Admirers have tried to fly the designation "the Divine Miss M" for Midler. None of them rivals the total phenomenon of Sarah Bernhardt during more than three decades.

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale (Gold died in 1990) are completely at home in that era, as a result of their activities as pianist-musicologists and research on their earlier book, *Misia, the Life of Misia Sert*, which appeared in 1980. In that companion of painters, close friend of Diaghilev and Stravinsky, wife of wealthy men, Gold and Fizdale picked a superb subject for surveying a teeming period. Little remembered because not an artist, Misia was a great fashion setter in her day and had the imperious taste to play a significant role in encouraging and in defending avant-garde art.

Misia carried the excitement of discovery, and of sympathy. *The Divine Sarah*, though it narrates the life of a prominent woman in the art world of the same period, does not have the same appeal. This time Gold and Fizdale's subject has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

already been discussed in scores of biographies, memoirs, and studies. (All books on Bernhardt shamelessly plunder her memoirs, *Ma double vie*, though in that book she covered only the first thirty years.) Two other biographies in English strike me as in some ways better than this one. Behind its chatty surface, Cornelia Otis Skinner's *Madame Sarah*, which appeared in 1967, keeps a very cool eye on Bernhardt's accomplishments and escapades, and Joanna Richardson's biography of 1959 has the advantages of brevity and superbly chosen quotations.

Having no particular revisionist thesis and no startling new contribution, Gold and Fizdale retell the story with an enthusiasm that never comes to grips with the life of this amazing woman. And sometimes they overstrain for effect. On the first page of their prologue, for example, they quote George Bernard Shaw's acid remarks about the egotistical character of Sarah Bernhardt's acting, and then produce this elaborate metaphor: "He was the rock of truth; she, the siren on the rock, her tail in the treacherous waters that surround it, her face turned to the moon." The double caricature is more grotesque than graphic, and it does not correspond to the generally evenhanded tone of the book.

At other times Gold and Fizdale do not even try for effect. After Bernhardt resigned defiantly from the Comédie Française in 1880 and formed her own company, her future seemed to hang from the success of its opening performance in London. Gold and Fizdale settle for limp commonplaces in their description of that decisive night. "Sarah came through with flying colors. Furthermore, she behaved like an angel."

Precisely because she was the greatest international celebrity of her era from 1880 to 1914, Bernhardt's biographer must resist the temptation either to make her always larger than life or to reduce her to the proportions of puny mortality. Essentially she lived a life of constantly renewed conquest, more like Napoleon on horseback than like Cleopatra on her barge. Many elements of her life, from her paternity to the nature of her acting, remain mysterious. Her mother, a blond Jewish seamstress from Amsterdam, had the looks and the astuteness to become a highly successful courtesan of Second Empire France. Half an orphan, the spirited young Sarah had protection and sponsorship from figures in high government and financial circles.

Farmed out to a nurse at age 5, Sarah threw herself out of a window in order to oblige her visiting aunt to take her home to her mother. When she was 15, her career was picked out by her aunt's and her mother's lover, the Duc de Morny, the half brother of Emperor Napoleon III, who sat on the family council convoked to decide the future of this headstrong girl. She wanted to be a nun. But that night Dumas *père* asked the family to his box at the Comédie Française. By Sarah's own account, Racine's *Britannicus* converted her to the theater. And the influence of the powerful and high-living Duc de Morny helped her to get started without delay at the Conservatoire.

Twenty years later, at 36, having become one of the most applauded actresses in the Comédie Française, Bernhardt had the temerity to break her twenty-year contract and to set up her own touring company. In the 1890s she seemed to discover new challenges on every side—new plays, new places to visit, new audiences. Her company went on a two-and-a-half-year world tour to four continents, taking twelve plays and an immense inventory of scenery and costumes. She cleared over 3 million francs to spend on her wastrel son and her own extravagant household. The profoundly theatrical spirit of La Belle Epoque seemed to preside at her day of triumph, the *journée Sarah Bernhardt*, in December 1896: at a seven-course banquet at the Grand Hotel she sat between the minister of fine arts and the personal emissary of the president of the Republic, and five poet-playwrights celebrated her in verse at the matinee performance. The grandiose occasion sounds like a parody of itself.

SARAH BERNHARDT BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Three years later, at the age of 55, she owned her own theater in Paris, which she completely refurbished in yellow and named after herself. For the next fifteen years, her huge profits came close to covering her losses. When her injured right leg was finally amputated in 1915, it looked like the end of her career after half a century on the stage. No prosthetic device would satisfy her. Still, in seated roles without entrances or exits, she performed courageously for troops at the front in 1916, and made her last American tour in 1918. And when she was 76, in 1920, she gave one of her most moving performances in an act of Racine's *Athalie*. It concerned an old woman painting her face "in order to undo the ravages of time." After that line, the audience is reported to have given her a spontaneous standing ovation. Old troupers earn a certain privilege of sentimentality.

What about the love life of this *monstre sacré*, this triumphant lioness of Western culture? Brought up to become a courtesan, Bernhardt soon reached the point where she could choose (and for a long

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time keep) her own men. Since she welcomed gossip and innuendo, there can be no accurate accounting. She claimed that the elegant Belgian Prince de Ligne marked her the most deeply and fathered her son. When she made Victor Hugo's plays shine again, the old satyr forty years her senior may have found his match. Coded entries in his journal could refer to non-conception or to impotence. The spirited painter-illustrator Gustave Doré filled several seasons of her avalanchelike existence. When an unscrupulous Greek Don Juan eleven years her junior with a morphine habit seemed indifferent to her charms, she married him and tried to turn him into an actor. In later years she was seldom without a younger man in tow.

Did she ever experience passionate love? Or were men merely part of the scenery that she arrayed around herself, the necessary decor for an extravagant life? On this point Gold and Fizdale follow the responsible course and express skepticism about many of the anecdotes in circulation. They wisely advance no major claims to insight. For this reason, the information that they do supply opens up a few unexplored perspectives. A somewhat nasty book by a friend from her earliest days at the Conservatoire may or may not be accurate on Bernhardt's first major affair with Lieutenant Kératry. Still,

> As for Sarah, though she was very attracted to him, she certainly did not love him, for she was one of those women who are incapable of love. After his passionate embraces, she liked him even less. Vague feelings of disgust and disillusion swept over her. Was *that* what love was about?

Such novelistic gossip takes on a different character, though, when linked to the remarkable letter that Bernhardt wrote to the magnificent tragic actor Mounet-Sully at the end of their tempestuous two-year battle of love:

> Besides, dear Jean, you must realize that I am not made for happiness. It is not my fault that I am constantly in search of new sensations, new emotions. That is how I shall be until my life is worn away. I am just as unsatisfied the morning after as I am the night before. My heart demands more excitement than anyone can give it. My frail body is exhausted by the act of love. Never is it the love I dream of.

Gold and Fizdale say only that the letter is "startlingly explicit ... about her sexual problems." That leaves interpretation to us. Like the rich and powerful men who frequented her mother's salon, Bernhardt had her pick of lovers, plus the collective adulation of a voyeuristic public before which she paraded herself every night. The verses that she shouted and whispered on stage infected her and her audience with the most overweening emotions. It is possible to imagine the tensions that such conditions would foster—and that those tensions would lead neither to nymphomania nor to frigidity, but to a Faustian insatiability. If love is always a dream, perhaps public lovers inhabit a dream within a dream. In any case, Bernhardt kept moving on all fronts.

The quality and the appeal of Bernhardt's acting confront us with an even deeper mystery than her love life. The sheer mass of conflicting testimony overwhelms the memory and confuses the mind. A few episodes will illustrate. In 1881-82, her newly formed company was received enthusiastically in St. Petersburg and then faced a certain hostility in Moscow, where native Russian traditions held their ground. A 21-year-old medical student wrote two lengthy articles in the Moscow *Spectator* in which he whipped himself into outrage over the notoriety and the publicity that preceded the actress. The young man was Anton Chekhov writing under a pseudonym. He had a hard time making up his mind about her acting in the famous nineteenth-century set piece by Scribe and Legouvé, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*:

> We watched Sarah Bernhardt and derived indescribable pleasure from her hard work. There were brief passages in her acting which moved us almost to tears. But the tears failed to well up only because all the enchantment is smothered by artifice ... and Sarah Bernhardt is monstrously facile.

From other witnesses we know that Bernhardt could underplay as well as overplay her roles; but Chekhov, from the bottom of his soul, resisted the spectacular.

Fifteen years later, in London, an even more revealing theatrical occasion took place. Both Sarah Bernhardt and her younger Italian rival Eleonora Duse performed a modern German play called *Magda.* Their respective champions, Max Beerbohm and George Bernard Shaw, seized the opportunity for a major critical joust. And their attacks show a curious resemblance. Beerbohm on Duse: "She treats her roles as so many large vehicles for expression of absolute self. From first to last she is the same in *Fédora* as she is in *Magda.* Her unpainted face and the unhidden gray hair are symbolic of her attitude." Shaw on Bernhardt: "Her lips are like a newly painted pillar box; her cheeks, right up to the languid lashes, have the bloom and surface of a peach.... The dress, the title of the play, the order of her words may vary; but the woman is always the same. She does not enter into the leading character: she substitutes herself for it." Was it great acting that these critics were watching? Or was it the systematic creation of a theatrical persona, a particular stage personality?

At the end of her career, Bernhardt obtained editorial assistance in assembling her book, *The Art of the Theater* (1924). In it she declared herself emphatically on the emotionalist side of the great debate over Diderot's "paradox of the actor." (Lee Strasberg offered the most succinct formulation of the paradox: "To move the audience the actor must himself remain unmoved.") Instead of saying modestly with Olivier that "I just pretend," Bernhardt made more sweeping claims about how to fill a role. "It is necessary [for the actor] to feel all the sentiments that agitate the soul of the character":

> How can an actor convince another person of his emotion, of the sincerity of his passions, if he is unable to convince himself to the point of actually becoming the character he has to impersonate.... The actor cannot divide his personality between himself and his part. He loses his ego during the time he stays on stage.

She was by no means the first actress or actor to describe the craft in terms that, since Stanislavsky and Strasberg, we associate with "method acting."

In such passages Bernhardt was also answering her critics, such as Shaw, who saw her as vampirizing her roles. And her declarations in favor of emotionalism are partially belied by other sections of *The Art of the Theater,* and by everything we know about the care and discipline with which she chose, prepared, rehearsed, and refined her roles. As Gerda Taranow has observed in her clear-eyed monograph *Sarah Bernhardt, the Art Within the Legend,* "She preferred to hide her art behind a histrionic persona." Her death scene as the abandoned mistress in *La Dame aux Camélias* (in English it became known as *Camille*) could reduce audiences all over the world to tears. Watching her rehearse the part, Graham Robertson reported admiringly on "the absolute precision with which she built up her apparently spontaneous effects." But we also know that before every performance of Racine's *Phèdre,* her greatest role, Bernhardt insisted on having an hour alone in her dressing room with the lights lowered. Was she undergoing a complete metamorphosis of personality? Or was she running through all the tricks of the trade in order to pretend convincingly?

Gold and Fizdale quote Freud's description of Bernhardt in 1885, when he was, like Chekhov, a medical student:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> After the first words of her lovely, vibrant voice I felt I had known her for years. Nothing she could have said would have surprised me; I believed at once everything she said.

For years Freud kept a photograph of her in his Vienna waiting room. Gold and Fizdale do not record that Yvette Guilbert, the French singer-*diseuse* who regularly parodied Bernhardt's *voix d'amour* and serpentine movements, consulted Freud by mail in 1931 about her worries over being identified with the immoral, lowlife characters that she impersonated and sang about. Her letter elicited from Freud one of his rare discussions of acting:

> This idea of the surrender of one's own person and its replacement by an imagined one has never satisfied me very much.... I would rather believe ... not that the actor's own person is eliminated but rather that elements of it—for instance, undeveloped dispositions and suppressed wishes—are used for the representation of intended characters.

The example that Freud offered was Chaplin, who "always acts himself as he was in his sad youth." Twice in the correspondence Freud insists that "we know so little." Yet his notion of a projection based on inspired introspection partially resolves the paradox of the actor, and helps us to understand why this formerly kept woman of the demimonde, who had escaped into celebrity as an actress, made her surest appeal through plays of "chaste sensuality." Thus *Phèdre* offered just the right balance of sexuality tempered by magnificent classic poetry.

We must not forget that Bernhardt, in the era of Ibsen and Strindberg and Zola, avoided naturalism, and remained loyal to the classic tradition, and above all to poetry. Her recordings can sound impossibly stilted to a contemporary ear. She never abandoned the Conservatoire training in declaiming lines, a studied intonation suspended between singing the sounds and expressing the meaning. Francisque Sarcey, her most faithful and exacting critic, declared very early that "her voice is music incarnate." He also censured her severely—especially after her American tours—for excessive speed of delivery, singsong effects, and monotony. But neither voice recordings without image nor the handful of silent films that she made after 1900 will tell us much about Bernhardt's fifty-year grip on audiences from Auckland to Dakar to Constantinople. Her death scenes could last up to five minutes without a word uttered.

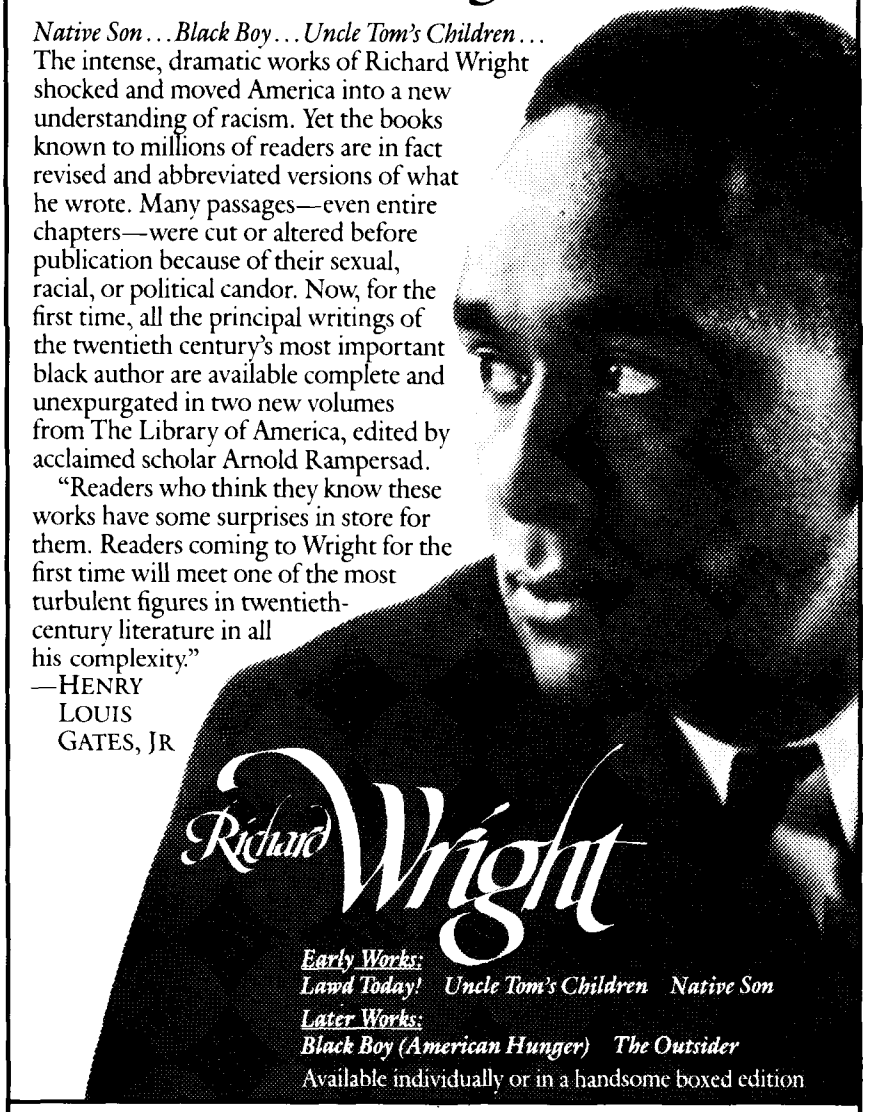
Two of the most time-consuming activities that human beings have invented, the most exhilarating and the most exhausting, are the preparation and the rehearsal of a stage role and a love affair. Bernhardt flourished by means of a grueling combination of the two—and had time left over for sculpture, tennis in the summer, and a succession of large pets (including trees with names). If, as I have proposed, Bernhardt has a claim to be the greatest celebrity of her era, do her life and her career give us further reasons for remembering her? The most evident factors in her success inspire a certain respect, but they do not explain her legend. Despite uncertain health, she combined almost inexhaustible energy with a singularly strong will. She chose and flaunted her motto: "*Quand même.*" Literally, it means: "Even so." For her, it meant: "To hell with the odds." And also, "Don't get in my way." A good number of men along the way clogged the machinery for a time, but none ever stopped its advance.

This imperious forward movement of conquest was abetted by her instinctive sense of publicity. On her first American tour in 1880, the bishop of Montreal furiously attacked her and her roles, and forbade Catholics to attend her performances. Her winning reply delighted the newspapers. "My dear colleague, why attack me so violently? Actors ought not

At last. Unexpurgated. Authoritative. Wright.

Native Son... Black Boy... Uncle Tom's Children...
The intense, dramatic works of Richard Wright shocked and moved America into a new understanding of racism. Yet the books known to millions of readers are in fact revised and abbreviated versions of what he wrote. Many passages—even entire chapters—were cut or altered before publication because of their sexual, racial, or political candor. Now, for the first time, all the principal writings of the twentieth century's most important black author are available complete and unexpurgated in two new volumes from The Library of America, edited by acclaimed scholar Arnold Rampersad.

"Readers who think they know these works have some surprises in store for them. Readers coming to Wright for the first time will meet one of the most turbulent figures in twentieth-century literature in all his complexity."
—HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR



Available individually or in a handsome boxed edition

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
America's best writers deserve America's best editions

More than 50 volumes now available at better bookstores. To order, or for more information, call (212) 308-3360. Distributed by Penguin USA. Write for free catalog: The Library of America, 14 E. 60 St., NY, NY 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be so hard on one another." A few weeks later, when the bishop of Chicago fulminated against her company, her impresario had a letter ready—also for the newspapers. It has become famous:

> Monsignor:
>
> It is my custom when I come to your city to spend five hundred dollars on publicity. But as you have done it for me, allow me to send you two hundred and fifty dollars for your poor.

A short time later, a scurrilous account of Bernhardt's life appeared with the names slightly changed. It bore the title *Memoirs of Sarah Barnum*, after the great circus producer, impresario, and publicist who was then at the height of his career. Everyone got the point, and the ensuing rumpus didn't reduce the income of anyone involved. (Many years later Barnum is reputed to have offered to buy Bernhardt's amputated leg for the purpose of exhibiting it.)

One of the attractions of Gold and Fizdale's new biography is the illustrations, nearly 100 of them in five signatures. Family photographs are followed by many publicity poses (including the celebrated picture of the actress "asleep" in her coffin); portraits of famous lovers and shots of the company on tour (one shows from the stage the waiting audience of 5,000 packed to the visible rafters of the Convention Hall in Kansas City); photographs of her in a score of roles (including Phèdre, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Joan of Arc, and Froufrou); and a color section of painted portraits, posters, cartoons, and caricatures. Out of this iconography comes a strong sense of how effectively Bernhardt used the publicity photograph and was shaped by it. Nadar photographed her in his vast clearing house of a studio (where the Impressionists held their first show in 1874) not after she had made her name, like his other famous sitters, but when she was 16. He posed her draped with classical column and then topless, with a fan hiding all of her face but one eye. Before the era of gossip sheets and *Penthouse*, these images made fortunes for the photographers and seconded the actress in her long triumph.

But energy and self-promotion, even when channeled into the theater, do not fully explain Bernhardt's legendary stature. Several other factors deserve consideration. I discern a powerful discrepancy, even a contradiction, between her resolute independence as a professional woman and her most successful roles as a doomed woman sacrificing herself for her love of a man. Yes, she succeeded in other roles, as different as Joan of Arc and Lorenzaccio. But in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *La Dame aux Camélias*, and most of Sardou's plays like *La Tosca*, even in *Phèdre*, she played the victim and she usually died. In that manner her roles seemed perpetually to underline the triumph of her own career. She surmounted precisely the fate that she made her living by representing.

Bernhardt's resoluteness appears to have been a matter of temperament and talent more than of inspiration by a mentor or an ideal figure. (By the time that she met George Sand, her first great woman hero, Bernhardt was already well launched on her acting career at the Odéon.) Above all she wished to liberate herself from the dependent world of the courtesan in which she was raised. And her extraordinary reception was due in great part to the circumstance that there was a space waiting for her to enter. Two historical developments were at work in the mid-nineteenth century that favored her. The first was the enormously successful attempt by what we call the Romantic movement to raise artists to the level of a new priesthood of the secular sublime. (The literary historian Paul Bénichou has provided careful documentation of this shift.) The second was the change in the status of the actor from social outcast to culture hero, as represented by Talma and Rachel in France. Propelled by her gifts and instincts, Bernhardt entered the vast arena that waited to receive the actor as celebrity and the artist as priest. Everywhere she went, she carried with her a taint of scandal that lingered around the theatrical life, and an aura of the sacerdotal, the spiritual, to which the art of acting can grant us access. Her genius was to fill that space to overflowing.

Would we welcome her today? It is, of course, the wrong question. The right question is, Who would Sarah Bernhardt *be* today? In this country, her mixture of temperament, talent, and buccaneering enterprise might have lured her into the world of high finance and stunning takeovers. Or she might be running for president. We may think we have outgrown our need for a figure like Joan of Arc, or Napoleon, but we could use at least a little of Bernhardt's spunk in the space that we call politics.

ROGER SHATTUCK is a University Professor at Boston University and the author most recently of *The Innocent Eye: On Modern Literature and the Arts* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

Heart of Darkness

BY JOHN B. JUDIS

Chain Reaction: The Impact of Race, Rights, and Taxes on American Politics by Thomas Byrne Edsall with Mary D. Edsall

(W. W. Norton, 416 pp., $22.95)

> "To create one nation has proved to be a hideously difficult task; there is certainly no need now to create two, one black and one white." —James Baldwin

Throughout the 1980s opinion polls showed that most Americans did not support Ronald Reagan's laissez-faire economics or his apocalyptic anticommunism. Still, voters elected conservative Republicans to the presidency in three successive landslides. Some political experts attributed these anomalies to Reagan's telegenic powers or to the Democrats' divisions over foreign policy, but Thomas Edsall believes that the solution to the great political puzzle of contemporary American democracy lies in the way in which the parties have divided over race. Briefly, the Republicans have won because they have been able to batten upon the anxiety or the resentment of white Democrats.

Edsall is not the first person to make such an argument (nor is he the only person to make it here: his book was written with his wife, Mary D. Edsall), but he makes it better and more scrupulously than anyone else. For one thing, he does not fall prey to the glib post-Willie Horton griping that attributes the entire realignment of the parties and the electorate to racist campaign tactics by Republican consultants. As he writes in his important new book, "Although the anxieties of middle- and lower-income white voters have unquestionably been manipulated and exploited by Republican political strategists, this exploitation is only possible because these voters hold strong opinions independent of orga-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nized politics." And for another thing, Edsall is intellectually sophisticated. He does not succumb to a simple causal model in which racial prejudice triggers voter behavior.

As his book's title suggests, Edsall describes a causal chain that begins with white resentment toward black demands but then leads to provocative responses to this resentment by blacks and white liberals that in turn set off a new chain of responses. Edsall also employs a psychoanalytic model of the overdetermination of behavior, in which a single cause shapes action without denying or overwhelming other causes. Thus, white Democrats' reaction to the civil rights movement affects their understanding of such issues as taxes, crime, and government spending, making them more sympathetic to Republican appeals; but when these voters cast their ballot they are not necessarily aware that they are being motivated by racial factors, nor are they moved only by these factors.

This complex process of political overdetermination worked its way through three successive phases of postwar political history. From the end of World War II to the passage of the first Civil Rights Act in 1964, Southern blacks sought to achieve constitutional equality through the legislated attainment of voting rights and equal access to public institutions. This early battle for civil rights split the South, and sometimes the Democrats, but it did not realign the parties. This was partly because many white Americans outside the South backed this phase of the civil rights struggle, but more importantly because Republican as well as Democratic officials supported the movement's goals. In 1958, for instance, Vice President Richard Nixon, acting as president of the Senate, led a battle to break the Southern civil rights filibuster. When one survey asked voters in 1962 which party was most likely to see that Negroes received fair treatment in jobs and housing, 22.7 percent said the Democrats, 21.3 percent the Republicans, and 55.9 percent saw no difference between the parties.

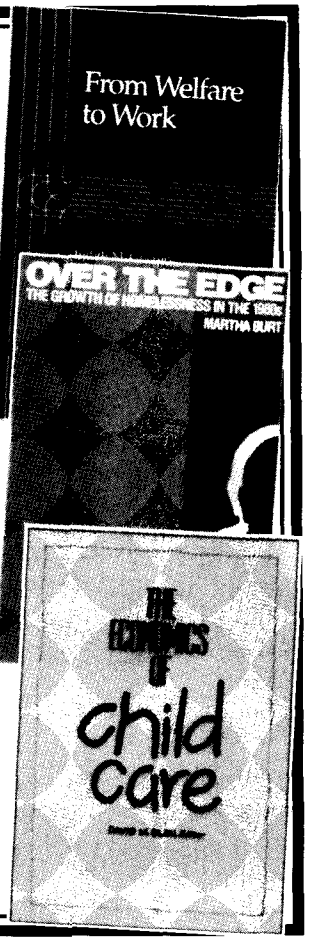
The second phase began in 1964 and lasted until 1972. In those years Republicans and Democrats began to take opposed stands on race-related issues. In October 1964 the same survey found a remarkable shift in voter sentiment. Sixty percent now said that Democrats were more likely to ensure fair treatment, 7 percent said Republicans, and 33 percent said that it didn't matter. And white Democrats began to abandon the party precisely because of this percep-

Current Policy Issues

FROM WELFARE TO WORK
Judith M. Gueron and Edward Pauly
"Anyone who cares about welfare reform must read this book." —David T. Ellwood, Harvard University
Paper $12.95 320 pages 0-87154-346-X
Cloth $34.95 0-87154-345-1

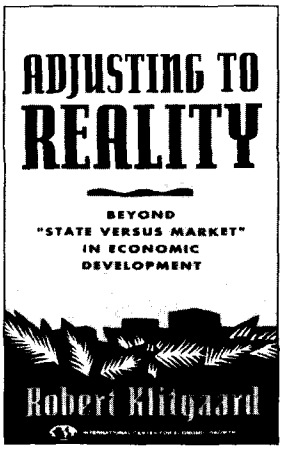
OVER THE EDGE
The Growth of Homelessness in the 1980s
Martha R. Burt
"Provides the first firm data on what are the factors underlying the 1980s' surge in homelessness in the United States." —Peter H. Rossi
University of Massachusetts
November $29.95 336 pages 0-87154-177-7
Co-published with The Urban Institute Press

THE ECONOMICS OF CHILD CARE
David M. Blau, editor
The only book to provide a distinctive and thorough economic assessment of many of today's most important child care issues.
$24.95 192 pages 0-87154-118-1



Russell Sage Foundation
112 E. 64th Street, New York, New York 10021
At bookstores or call toll-free: 800-666-2211

NEW FROM ICS PRESS



Hardcover $22.95

TO ORDER CALL:
1-800-326-0263 (8-5 PST)

Bribes, tribes, and markets that fail... These three go hand-in-hand in countries struggling to switch from a state-controlled economy to the free market, *according to Robert Klitgaard.*

So what does it take to liberate the magic of the marketplace? In this path breaking analysis, Klitgaard sheds new light on how developing countries can begin to rid themselves of corrupt government, ethnic strife, and weak markets. Drawing on years of front-line experience working in developing countries, he reexamines development policies in the free-market revolution.

*The **New York Times Book Review** says, "You can't help liking Robert Klitgaard."*

"Remarkably concise, readable, and well-informed."
— Bruce Johnston, Stanford University

"Klitgaard's fertile mind and agile pen have produced another winner."
— Paul Streeten, Boston University

ICS PRESS/INSTITUTE FOR CONTEMPORARY STUDIES
243 Kearny Street ◆ San Francisco, CA 94108

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSICS IN POST-WAR MILITARY HISTORY

New paperbacks from DA CAPO PRESS

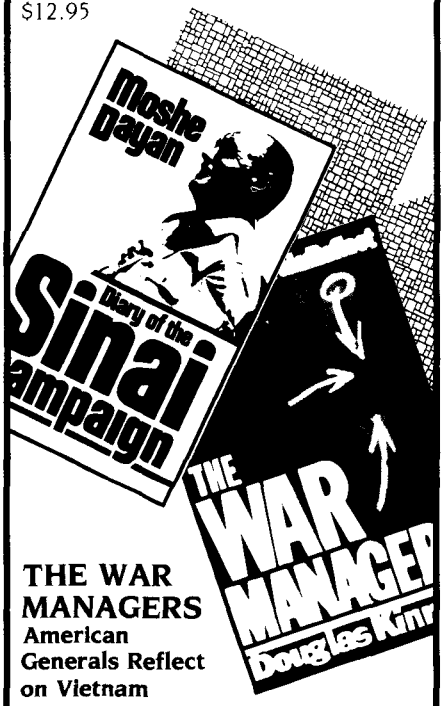
DIARY OF THE SINAI CAMPAIGN

by **Moshe Dayan**

"An extremely instructive and lucid account of this short but notable campaign. . . . This is a wise and salutary book." —*Times Literary Supplement*

"The original merits of the book have been unaffected by change and the passage of time, which is the true mark of a classic." —Nadav Safran

$12.95



THE WAR MANAGERS

American Generals Reflect on Vietnam

by **Douglas Kinnard**

"[The] most insightful look at the management of the Vietnam conflict . . . [It] reads like a chilling suspense novel." —*Military Review*

"Provide[s] one of the most complete perspectives ever made of how a large group of generals view how they handled a war." —*Washington Post*

$12.95

Available at your bookstore; or call 800-321-0050

DA CAPO PRESS
233 Spring Street
New York, NY 10013

tion. By the 1972 election, the Republicans nationally had become a virtually all-white party, while the Democrats were losing their white Southern and Northern ethnic base.

Conservative Republicans facilitated this realignment by rejecting the main demands of the civil rights movement, including the 1964 and 1965 Civil Rights Acts and state and local measures to prevent discrimination in housing. At the same time the black movement moved north, where it became radicalized—demanding social and economic (and not merely legal) equality and sometimes favoring the use of violence to achieve these ends. Partly as a result of pent-up grievances, but partly also because of radical agitation, blacks rioted in some of the major cities. And as these riots spread, many whites turned their backs on the civil rights movement.

During this period the Democrats suffered fatal splits over racial issues. In 1968 Governor George Wallace of Alabama defected, running an independent campaign. Wallace eventually returned to the fold, but many of his supporters did not. At the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1972, an unelected Illinois delegation led by Jesse Jackson denied seating to Richard Daley's delegation, thereby slamming the door on the ethnic Democrats whom Daley represented. And in the campaign in the fall, the Democrats became even more closely identified with the new civil rights movement, producing a further "chain reaction" that drove more white voters to the Republican Party.

The first election to demonstrate the potential of the new realignment took place in November 1966. The Republican Ronald Reagan—an actor, and a foe of the Civil Rights Acts and of California's fair housing law—defeated incumbent Democratic Governor Pat Brown; and in Illinois the Republican businessman Charles Percy upset the Democratic Senator Paul Douglas. Edsall shows that Percy won because white Democrats in Chicago, up in arms from Martin Luther King's demonstrations, deserted Douglas. That a moderate such as Percy could attract these voters without resorting to racial appeals demonstrates how the Democrats, in some instances, simply self-destructed, without the Republicans having to do anything untoward.

The final phase might be called the Willie Horton era, and it has not yet ended. Since the early '70s the racial divisions between the parties have grown dramatically even as the explicitly racial content of politics has virtually disappeared. This occurred partly because Republicans learned to use "a seemingly race neutral language which in fact accessed ... submerged racial and cultural conflict," but also because certain structural changes in race relations reinforced political divisions. Middle-class blacks had prospered under the new legal guarantees, but poor urban blacks came to form an "underclass," rife with crime and drugs and sustained by high rates of illegitimacy, decaying schools, and an increasingly overloaded welfare system. By 1988, even though blacks made up only 11 percent of the population, more blacks were on welfare than whites. In a 1987 survey, 59.9 percent of robberies were reported to have been committed by blacks.

White voters came to see increased welfare spending and taxes and criminal reform and penal reform through the prism of racial fears and racial resentments. They became more sympathetic to Republican anti-tax, anti-government appeals—not out of any reasoned support for Milton Friedman or Arthur Laffer's theories, but because they now associated higher taxes with useless expenditures on the black underclass, which appeared to be expanding despite (or because of) government aid. As whites began to flee to the suburbs, moreover, they became even more averse to funding programs directed at cities and more amenable to Republican privatization schemes that enabled them to direct their expenditures to their own needs.

The Republicans could exploit this new dimension of racial conflict simply by articulating some of their traditional positions, such as those on taxes, welfare spending, or capital punishment. But they also took several steps aimed at building an ongoing white majority. Inspired by Wallace's example, they developed a conservative populism that countered and supplanted the old division between "common man" Democrats and "country club" Republicans. Both Nixon and Reagan drew a new line between a producer class and a liberal establishment of bureaucrats and their clients that in fact divided the parties on racial lines. They resurrected the Southern Bourbon strategy of uniting working-class and upper-class whites against blacks.

They also used language and took positions that signaled to white voters that they shared their underlying racial concerns. Nixon nominated two judges identified with segregation to the Supreme Court and attempted to gut the Voting Rights Act; Reagan attacked "welfare queens" and tried to win back tax exemptions for segregated schools;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Bush used the specter of a black rapist in his campaign and has refused to settle the divisive debate over the Civil Rights Act by accepting Senator John Danforth's gracious effort at a compromise.

But the Republicans could also sit back and watch pusillanimous Democrats and an increasingly strident black intelligentsia do the job for them. As the party lost its base in the white middle class, it became identified with the more utopian and self-defeating projects of the civil rights movement, including busing and the use of racial quotas. During the Reagan years, many black intellectuals, embittered by their own isolation, began to attribute all the ills of the underclass—from the spread of AIDS to the epidemic of crack cocaine—to white conspiracies. Jackson's presidential campaigns, nourished by the illusion that blacks could advance their interests by taking over the Democratic Party, only furthered the racial chain reaction, and deepened the isolation of blacks and Democrats.

Edsall sees the polarization of the parties as a political, social, and moral tragedy. By dividing poor whites from poor blacks, the Republicans' Bourbon populism undermines the ability of lower classes to compete with the wealthy for society's benefits. It leads not only to the immiseration of the poor, but to growing class differences. And this growing polarization corrodes the moral clarity of our society. "At stake," writes Edsall, "is our sense of ourselves as inhabiting an intelligible moral universe, committed to a form of social and economic organization that offers at least rough justice to its citizens in exchange for their participation."

Racial polarization also erodes what remains of public life in America—turning the nation's cities, parks, libraries, and transit systems into racial battlegrounds. America's hope of green cities has been replaced by a division between public ghettos and private suburban developments, in which the shopping center has become the center of public life and the car the only means of transportation. The very conception of a public philosophy has been replaced by a callous individualism of privatization.

Edsall does see some hope for change in the popularity of conventional black politicians such as David Dinkins and Douglas Wilder, and in the interest shown by some Republican intellectuals and politicians in free market programs that address the problems of the underclass. "Nothing could be better for the nation's political health," Edsall says. But he is justifiably pessimistic about whether either of these political tendencies will be sufficient to counteract the growing structural division between the races. "Racial and other, parallel, divisions may become so ingrained in the composition and organization of American society that political strategies to bring them to the surface will be unneeded."

Edsall's overall argument is persuasive, and depressing. Still, he ignores several significant links in the chain. He asserts, but he does not demonstrate, that conservative Republican politicians and operatives have consciously exploited and manipulated racial fears to win votes. Perhaps he simply couldn't get the goods on them. Since Joe McGinniss's exposé of Nixon's 1968 campaign, *The Selling of the President*, Republican politicians and operatives have been extremely close-mouthed about how they are playing racial themes. Equally important, as Edsall himself shows, conservatives in the 1980s have been able to succeed without making their strategies explicit, perhaps even to themselves. Still, Edsall has left himself open to obvious objections from those who are unwilling to acknowledge the centrality of race in American elections.

He also uses his journalistic license to avoid taking sides in the politically significant controversy over how the underclass originated and why it has expanded so rapidly. William Julius Wilson has attributed its growth to the peculiarities of capitalist development, which have left the labor-intensive, industrial inner cities behind, and Charles Murray has blamed it on the spread of the very welfare measures that were supposed to alleviate it. Edsall merely states the two sides as another example of racial division. The problem is that Edsall cannot accept Murray's side of the argument and maintain either the moral urgency or the intellectual cogency of his argument. To put things somewhat starkly: if Murray and the conservatives are right, then the Republican ascendancy, based on racial polarization, will lead eventually to racial harmony by eviscerating the welfare system—the principal cause of black poverty, unemployment, and crime. But if Wilson is right, then conservative Republican rule will, as Edsall predicts, further deepen the plight of blacks.

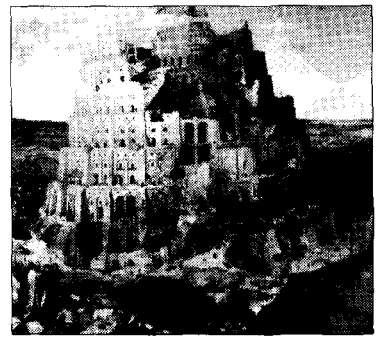
Fortunately for Edsall, but not for the United States, Wilson has the stronger case. For the last three centuries, American blacks have played the tortoise to American capitalism's hare. As postindustrial services have replaced industry in the heart of cities like Milwaukee,

Now available in
Canto
paperback editions...

Marc Bloch
A Life in History
Carole Fink

"Virtually every European historian has a warm place in his or her heart for Marc Bloch....Carole Fink's well-researched, sympathetic biography reminds us why."
— *The New York Times Book Review*
$10.95

Nations and Nationalism Since 1780
Programme, Myth, Reality
E. J. Hobsbawm



"Appearing just when reform in eastern Europe and the Soviet Union is being threatened by emergent nationalism, Eric Hobsbawm's inquiry is particularly timely... succinct and masterly."
— *New Statesman and Society*
$9.95

Available in bookstores or from
Cambridge University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blacks have been the first to lose their jobs; and with the rise in unemployment has come the rise in all the other familiar symptoms of underclass life. Welfare regulations have certainly exacerbated these symptoms, but they have not been the initial cause. And during the Reagan years, as aid to the inner cities was reduced, the problems of the underclass intensified rather than diminished.

Edsall is at his weakest prescribing cures for the Democrats. He repeatedly chides the party for not providing a "forum for tough-minded exploration," for not "addressing and dealing with the problem of values." But the Democratic Party is not an editorial board that can reach decisions by reasoned debate—or appeal to the authority of an editor in chief. The national Democrats have lacked a center of power that could mediate disputes among its many factions. And airing those disputes, as in 1972, only accelerated the departure of significant factions.

Edsall provides two hints about how he thinks the debate might have been, or still might be, resolved. He says that Democrats "failed to understand the political need to couple newly granted rights and preferences with a persuasive and sensible message of reciprocal obligation." He doesn't say more than this, but he seems to be endorsing a grand bargain, a historic compromise, between minorities and the rest of the society. While in the long run this makes sense, Democrats will not soon be in a position to arrange it. Black leaders like Jackson are not amenable, and the party lacks the kind of mediating center of power formerly provided by labor and urban machines. Dinkins's failure to unite New Yorkers is instructive on this score.

Edsall also appears to endorse a kind of Thatcherite resolution to the debate. He blames the party's acceptance of the more self-destructive demands of the civil rights movement on a politics of "protectionism"—lamely lumping together trade, industrial, and union protectionism with the protection of minority groups, illegal immigrants, feminists, and gays. Promoting unions or trade protectionism was only "politically defensible," Edsall says, "as long as competition [was] largely confined to the territorial United States." Now, Edsall implies, the Democrats have to open the door and let the winds of international capitalism rush in.

This is a fashionable analogy, but it is a flawed one. International competition makes the consideration of various forms of protection for workers and industry more, not less, imperative. The question is whether a nation should have to mimic the standard of living of its competitors in order to sustain a viable economic life. Moreover, any hope of uniting whites and blacks around a higher purpose rests precisely on the assertion of the kind of communal and national goals implicit in what Edsall denounces as "protectionism." And as far as the Democratic Party is concerned, it can only revive as a countervailing force to business Republicanism if it possesses significant organizational power at its base. Political consultants do not provide this. Once unions and political machines did. If the Democrats do not try to protect unions from destruction, therefore, they are inviting their own.

Still, Edsall's powerful argument does not rise and fall on the merits of his advice to the Democrats, whose situation is probably, in the short run, without remedy. Edsall himself suggests as much, saying that the Democrats must either adopt new values or wait until "economic factors supersede such matters." That is a euphemistic way of saying that, short of a Hoover-style economic calamity that can be blamed directly on Republican mismanagement, the Democrats are doomed. Whether racial polarization continues in the meantime will largely depend on the propensity of Republicans to place the welfare of the country above their hopes for political gain. •

The Village Classicist

By Peter Green

Repetitions, Testimonies, Parentheses
by Yannis Ritsos
translated by Edmund Keeley

(Princeton University Press, 238 pp., $35, $9.95 paper)

Selected Poems, 1938-1988
by Yannis Ritsos
edited and translated by Kimon Friar and Kostas Myrsiades

(BOA Editions, 486 pp., $30, $15 paper)

When Yannis Ritsos died on November 11, 1990, at the age of 81, many of the kiosks in Athens put up their shutters to salute his passing, and the conservative government of Constantine Mitsotakis announced (according to *The New York Times*) that "despite his politics" this lifelong Communist "would be buried with full state honors." Even in death Ritsos achieved a characteristically neat symbolic gesture, a tip of the Communist hat to glasnost, appropriate for this mood of reconciliation, since his life ended on Armistice Day, just as it had begun (at least for adherents of the old unreformed Greek calendar) on May Day.

Ritsos published almost 100 volumes of poetry, and he was three times nominated for the Nobel Prize. He displayed a poetic genius at least equal to that of George Seferis or Odysseus Elytis (both Nobel laureates), and in his prodigal fecundity he far eclipsed them. He will almost certainly rank as one of the greatest poets of the twentieth century, and he is already recognized as such—thanks to intelligent translation and criticism—in most European countries. But so far he has made relatively little impact on the Anglo-American literary scene.

The chief reason is obvious enough. Despite a dazzling renaissance that has thrown up (in addition to the writers already mentioned) such major figures as Sikelianos, Palamas, Kazantzakis, Myrivilis, and above all Cavafy, modern Greek remains a minority language, scarcely more widely known than Czech or Serbo-Croatian. What gets translated will set the tone; and what has so far appeared in English offers little more than random samples, by no means always of the best work.

In Ritsos's case, this problem is compounded by the immense quantity and variety of material to choose from, not to mention the bibliographical confusion produced by his habit of publishing the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same work in more than one format, of referring to collections (such as *Repetitions 1963-65*, now partially translated by Edmund Keeley) years before they have actually been published, or sometimes (as in the case of *Testimonies III, 1966-67*) not publishing them at all, so that a kind of samizdat has enjoyed a limited circulation alongside the public oeuvre. Successive reprints of the seven volumes of *Collected Poems* (the last three under misleading titles) drop or add items at random—my own edition of Volume III, for example, lacks *Testimonies I*, noted in the useful checklist provided by Kimon Friar and Kostas Myrsiades—and they are generally far from complete.

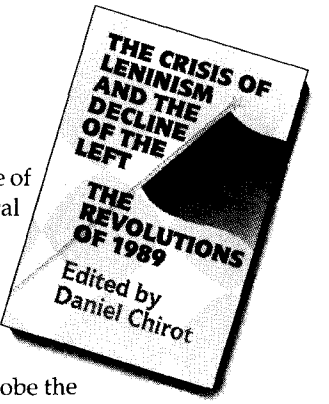
Even though Ritsos is dead, there may be surprises in store still. According to Myrsiades, "At any given moment, the poet ha[d] in his possession twenty to thirty manuscripts ready for publication." Like Hemingway, he is also rumored to have squirreled away much work for the benefit of his widow. One of the reasons that critics and translators have never seen Ritsos steady or whole is the virtual impossibility of controlling his enormous output. Even getting his development in perspective is hard enough. Marxist rant jostles symbolist angst; surrealist squibs are counterpointed against lyrical celebrations of the harsh Greek landscape; political violence is pitted against tender eroticism; classical myth melts into contemporary factionalism; ancient Mycenae and modern Monemvasia (Ritsos's birthplace and his childhood home) fuse across the centuries. It is not only the prison poems buried in bottles that have been retrieved and published years after they were written. Time, for Ritsos, has always been a fluid thing. The ordering of poems often bears no relation to their date of composition, but is chosen rather for dramatic effect, sometimes indeed as a mask. (*The Fourth Dimension* offers good examples of this.)

Still, if ever a writer's life and creative development were inextricably intermeshed, if ever there existed a textbook refutation of that *ignis fatuus* known as the "biographical fallacy," it is the case of Yannis Ritsos. He knew it, and used a variety of masks and mirrors to distance himself from the curious. This is not surprising. The autobiographical element in all he wrote is strong, constant, and ideal material for mythicization. Born in 1909, he was an adolescent when the long decade of the Balkan Wars ended catastrophically with the Greek *débâcle* at Smyrna in 1922. His acute sense of continuity and recurrence made a comparison with the ten years of the Trojan War inevitable. In Greece more than most

The Crisis of Leninism and the Decline of the Left

The Revolutions of 1989

Edited by Daniel Chirot



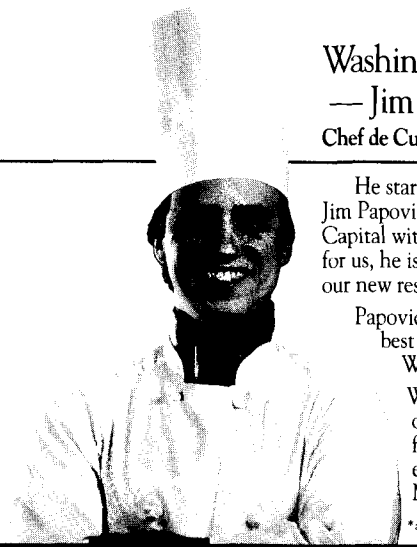
The year 1989, like 1789, will be remembered as one of those pivotal years in which decades of slow political and economic change suddenly erupted in a series of courageous acts that redefined the world. From China to Eastern Europe the dramatic events of 1989 commanded global attention but left no consensus on either their meaning or consequences. In this authoritative volume, nine eminent scholars probe the reasons for the revolutionary upheavals of 1989 in the communist world.

Contributors are: Daniel Chirot, David P. Calleo, Bruce Cumings, Stephen E. Hanson, Ken Jowitt, Nicholas R. Lardy, Seymour Martin Lipset, Elizabeth J. Perry, and W. W. Rostow.

Jackson School Publications in International Studies
Clothbound, $30.00 • Paperback, $14.95

Available at your local bookstore or call 1-800-441-4115

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS
P.O. Box 50096, Seattle, WA 98145



Washington D.C.'s Chef of the Year 1990 — Jim Papovich

Chef de Cuisine, *Lucie*, The Embassy Row Hotel

He started out at age 13 washing pots, and today at 28 Jim Papovich is the rising culinary star of the Nation's Capital with an impressive list of culinary awards. Luckily for us, he is also the talent behind the distinctive cuisine of our new restaurant, *Lucie*.

Papovich's competition thinks he creates some of the best meals in the city. That's why they voted him Washington's Chef of the Year.*

Weddings, corporate luncheons and special occasions of all kinds for groups of 10-300 benefit from Papovich's culinary perfection and *Lucie*'s elegant service which is under the direction of Maitre d'Hotel Pierre Robert.

*according to a recent poll of 600 area chefs conducted by Chefs in America Publications.

What the Critics Say:

"We love *Lucie*... Jim Papovich's arrival moves The Embassy Row into the big time."
— Carol Cutler
Dossier

"*Lucie* Sparkles with its Upscale Menu."
— John Rosson
Washington Times

"...in his first few months [Papovich] has brought The Embassy Row Hotel's kitchen to levels it had never before known."
— Phyllis Richman
The Washington Post

Lucie

THE RESTAURANT
AT THE EMBASSY ROW HOTEL
For Reservations Call Maitre d'Hotel Pierre Robert (202) 939-4250
2015 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
CASUAL • COLLECTION

For a limited time, order customized sportswear designed and manufactured in The New Republic tradition of quality.

SWEATSHIRT:

Nutmeg Mills' long sleeve crewneck sweatshirt is specially processed to create a unique, weathered appearance. A full oversized body cut in a blend of 80% cotton/20% poly minimizes shrinkage. Available in khaki with The New Republic and logo silkscreened in navy, or in navy with white graphics.

Sizes L, XL. **91W-01**
$39.95 (Add $4.95 for shipping)

SWEATER:

Classic good looks and timeless style make this staggered cable, 100% cotton, v-neck sweater from Nutmeg Mills the perfect addition to any casual wardrobe. Navy stripes accent the neckline and The New Republic logo is embroidered in navy and natural on the left chest.

Sizes S, M, L, XL. **91W-02**
$59.95 (Add $4.95 for shipping)

To order, call toll-fr
1-800-767-74
(24 hours a day)

Item #	Size	Color	Description	Qty.	Unit Price	Total

If using Visa, Mastercard or American Express, please provide the following information:

Account Number _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Sub Total	
6% Sales Tax (D.C. Residents only)	
Shipping	
Total	

Name _____

Phone _____

Shipping Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail this form along with check or money order made payable to **The New Republic, P.O. Box 797831, Dallas, Texas 75379.**

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places, those repetitions of history that have stimulated writers ever since Thucydides still produce (as I can personally testify) a constant sense of almost Proustian *temps retrouvé*, of cyclical rediscovery. For Ritsos, as for many others, the grim decade between 1940 and 1950 simply reinforced the parallel, as invasion, famine, and civil war took their toll: Trojan Wars indeed, and (as Ritsos, with bleak realism, was to note) no lack of Trojan horses. Past and present shared the same austerely beautiful, sun-drenched, bloodstained, limestone landscape.

Ritsos grew up, to borrow the title of one of his most haunting (and haunted) dramatic monologues, "under the shadow of the mountain," the great offshore fortress-rock of Monemvasia in the southeastern Peloponnese. His father was a local landowner who drank, gambled, and womanized himself first into bankruptcy, and later, in 1925, into an insane asylum, but not before the young Ritsos and his three siblings had become accustomed, at a highly impressionable age, to the good life of a rural Big House. This Big House, decaying yet magical, recurs potently through all Ritsos's poetry. The other great influence on his childhood was his mother, Eleftheria, an intellectual woman of radical convictions and strong political interests, whose role in shaping his character (and defending him against his father) seems to have been fundamental. But in 1921, when he was 12, Ritsos lost both his mother and his favorite elder brother, a naval ensign, to tuberculosis (a disease that was to dog Ritsos himself for much of his adult life). His much-loved sister Loula inherited their father's mental instability and was institutionalized in 1936. When Ritsos came to write his cycle of dramatic monologues on the doomed House of Atreus, he could draw liberally on his harrowing personal experiences, at times redesigning the traditional myth to accommodate the history of the house of Ritsos.

Death, disease, madness, and then acute poverty, combined with the bright memories of a lost Elysium, were thus the constant companions of Ritsos's young manhood. He is said to have been indoctrinated with Marxism by fellow patients during spells in sanatoria between 1927 and 1931. Given the circumstances, it is hard to imagine a more willing convert. Both personally and nationally, there was a void to fill. The shock of military defeat, followed by a wrenching exchange of populations with Turkish Anatolia in 1923, scarred Greece almost as deeply as the civil war of 1943-49. National pride (*ethnikismós*) received a devastating blow. Jingoism and Pan-Hellenism (of the sort associated with poets such as Palamas) were out. Angst and ennui were in, along with French symbolism and, interestingly, surrealism (which, for whatever reason, flourished better in the harsh Greek soil than anywhere else). Andreas Embirikos and Nikos Gatsos are the obvious examples, but surrealist epiphanies crop up in all the major Greek poets of the period, Ritsos included.

The dominant literary figure of the '20s, Greece's answer to the Eliot of *The Waste Land*, was Constantine Karyotakis, whose sarcastic world-weariness and anti-provincial negativism were taken to a disturbingly logical conclusion when, in 1928, he shot himself in Préveza, about as provincial a town as northern Greece has to offer. Unlike Karyotakis, Ritsos resisted the egotistical solution of suicide. He preferred to pursue a search through social revolution for a better world.

But he was not a Party hack. Not for him the well-worn platitudes of social realism, though he did in his time churn out some pretty awful versified propaganda (such as his paean to Patrice Lumumba titled *The Black Saint*). In fact, he must have been about as big a problem to the Communists as Picasso, and for much the same reasons. Perhaps, as Empson once prescribed, he learned a style from a despair; perhaps, too, his enormous vitality, his sensuous delight in the natural world, ensured that despair was kept at bay. It may also have prolonged his life. The man who was at death's door from consumption in his 20s, who spent much of World War II in bed, survived to become a vigorous octogenarian, creative to the last.

His Marxism was sincere, but it never totally possessed him. If Ritsos was in pursuit of a better world, it was always, in the end, by means of a total devotion to poetry. In 1969, while under house arrest on Samos, he wrote a poem called "Last Will and Testament" (included by Friar and Myrsiades in their anthology). It begins:

> He said: I believe in poetry, in love, in death,
> which is precisely why I believe in immortality. I write a verse,
> I write the world; I exist; the world exists.
> A river flows from the tip of my little finger.

Such a credo can hardly have encouraged Party apparatchiks, whose brave new world had little time for artistic autonomy, and who would not have been amused by the social omissions in Ritsos's profession of faith.

Even they had to admit, however, that

THE THIRD WAVE
Democratization in the Late Twentieth Century
By Samuel P. Huntington
Volume 4 in the Julian J. Rothbaum Distinguished Lecture Series
Read this timely book for a clearer understanding of what is happening in the Soviet Union and other regions that are in the midst of change.

"The major contribution of the book is that it draws from the empirical evidence guidelines for democratizers on what strategies to pursue both to overthrow authoritarian governments and to consolidate democratic regimes. Huntington is not content with merely describing what has taken place but is eager to draw lessons for democratic reformers."—**Myron Weiner**, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
$24.95

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE ECONOMY
Objective Theory and Critical Commentary
By Michael Conant
In this absorbing book the author adopts the theory that written language can be interpreted only in terms of the meaning it held for reasonably educated readers of the time in which it was written.

"It is a stunningly successful response."—**H. Jefferson Powell**, Duke University.
$39.95

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN VIETNAM
A Reader
Edited by Grace Sevy
"The articles in this volume provide in-depth analyses that clarify the Vietnam War as an historical phenomenon and attempt to stimulate thoughtful discussion."—*Directions*.
$12.95 paper

Write for FREE catalogs. From your bookseller, or

University of Oklahoma Press

Dept. MAC8—1005 Asp Ave.
Norman, OK 73019-0445
Add: $1.50 Post/hand.
Accept: MC/ Visa/AE/Checks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this unpredictable poet could, in the right circumstances, make brilliant propaganda. In his earliest volumes, such as the ominously named *Tractor*, which appeared in 1934, Ritsos had been regurgitating his newly acquired Marxism, presenting it undigested, in old-fashioned rhyme and meter. The combination of traditional aesthetics and crude agitprop was less than appealing. He also came heavily under the influence of Kostas Várnalis, Greece's leading Communist poet, borrowing his rather hackneyed vision of Prometheus and Christ as revolutionary leaders. He joined the Marxist-oriented Workers' Club, for which he acted, recited, danced, and staged plays, acquiring a lifelong fascination with the theater that explains the strong dramatic element in so much of his later work. He was desperately poor, scraping a living by odd jobs such as proofreading, still getting cash handouts from his devoted sister, presenting himself as "the acolyte of Art, Beauty and Ideas who is forced to rattle a tambourine for a few drachmas." Karyotakis was still jostling Marx for his allegiance. In *Tractor* the poet sees himself as a suffering Christ, a nice instance of what Peter Levi once characterized as Ritsos's "temptation to draw his passion larger than lifesize."

He was still searching for his own voice. Many of the essential elements were in place: the metaphysical obsession with the sea, sun, and landscape of Greece that has been well shorthanded as "Aegeanism"; the fluid surrealist mode of perception that saw no real barriers between past and present, between the living and the dead; classical myth and history, immanent in the landscape, and as archetypally evocative for the educated as folk memories of Dighenis or Makriyannis; Ritsos's own ruined yet romantic Big House childhood; metastasized recollections of the Orthodox Church, central to Greek society in a way almost impossible for outsiders to comprehend; the left-wing populism and ethnic ideologizing of Várnalis.

What still remained to be found was a focal point, a burning glass to concentrate the diffuse white heat of a young poet's angry idealism and lyrical compassion, something that would externalize and objectify what could easily degenerate into solipsistic self-pity. In 1936 the spark was found, and Ritsos was ignited. A demonstration by striking tobacco workers in Thessaloniki was violently broken up: a dozen died, several hundred were injured. In Athens the poet saw a newspaper photograph of a black-clad woman kneeling by her dead son. He shut himself up for two days and nights, and produced what was to become by far his most famous poem, the *Epitaphios*: twenty linked songs of lamentation, a dirge (*moirológhi*) such as he had listened to, fascinated, as a boy, composed in traditional fifteen-syllable rhyming couplets. This mother's lament over her son was also, as its title made plain, the Orthodox *epitaphios threnos*, the ritual lament of Our Lady over the body of Christ. As with Várnalis and Kazantzakis, *Anastasis* (Resurrection) and *Epanastasis* (Revolution) had achieved a profitable merger.

The *Epitaphios* made Ritsos a household name overnight. It also publicly committed him to a position for which he was to pay dearly in the years ahead. General John Metaxas, the prime minister, persuaded King George to suspend the constitution, to declare a state of emergency, and to introduce censorship. Metaxas himself ruled as a de facto dictator until his death in 1941. One of his first dictatorial acts was a public burning of "subversive" books, the *Epitaphios* among them. Banned for two decades of dictatorship, invasion, and civil war, then set to music in the late '50s by Mikis Theodorakis, these twenty poems became, as Peter Bien put it, a kind of unofficial national anthem for the Greek left, a rallying cry during the junta years against a detested regime.

What is seldom emphasized is that although—or because—it makes a riveting piece of propaganda, the *Epitaphios* is far from satisfactory as a poem, loaded as it is with populist rhetoric and crude emotional cliché. Deeply rooted in the klephtic tradition of political balladry, it has never come over well in translation (Friar and Myrsiades, who cover Ritsos's work as widely as any, do not include it): the cultural gap is too wide, the propaganda is too insistent. Indeed, the note of hysterical hyperbole is struck from the very first line, and underscored by the hammering rhymes and rhythms (tactfully jettisoned in the only English translation known to me):

> My son, the flesh of my inner flesh, O little heart of my heart,
> O little bird of the poor backyard, the flower of my desert...

As a result, the mother's catalog of her dead son's qualities suffers from emotional overreach, while the political message is laid on with a trowel:

> Overalls mingle with khaki, soldier and worker unite,
> with pulse and eye together, a single heart shines bright...

Ritsos had, at last, found his public voice, at least one of his many voices; but in a very real sense his poetic problems not only remained unsolved, but had been exacerbated by his emergence as a literary spokesman for communism.

At one level, it is true, Ritsos enjoyed an enormous advantage over Marxist poets in the West. Greek industrialization was still minimal: those symbolic grid-pylons that meant so much to Auden remained conspicuously absent from the Greek landscape, where for most villages electricity was still unheard-of (being, in many cases, supplied finally by the Colonels, one more paradox to add to the rest). Ritsos never really had to deal with middle-class guilt, or even with a fully developed urban proletariat: there was no insuperable barrier, there never had been, between the landowning class to which his family belonged and the still primarily agricultural, indeed peasant, workers with whom he sought to align himself. They shared a common demotic language, a common non-urbanized view of society and its basic values, a historic and mythic continuity that left the past alive in the present in a way that the heavily urbanized nations of the West could not even begin to understand.

This non-urban quality is a key to the understanding of Ritsos. After a few perfunctory gestures, in his earliest and most overtly Marxist poems, toward the machine age, he reverts with extraordinary thoroughness to an ageless world of sea, rock, sun, harvest, and plowing, scoured harbor-fronts and crumbling great houses, peopled by fisherfolk, athletes, sad maiden ladies, muscular innocent handsome army recruits. War, suffering, political upheaval, and prison camps are never far away, and for long periods they constitute Ritsos's constant and intimate companions. (In *Paper Poems*, written during the Colonels' last four years, he wrote: "Keep us from worse, Lord. Give me some breathing space/between two coffees/and three wars.") Yet they take a form, and deal in properties, that Makriyannis or Homer would have recognized. Thus Ritsos could sidestep one of the more difficult and embarrassing problems faced by his Western contemporaries—the problem of coming to terms with modernity, with a mechanized society. His timeless anachronisms worked because amazingly little, when he wrote, had changed.

For a great deal of the time between 1937 and 1952, Ritsos was liable to censorship, and one immediate result was a marked and poetically beneficial swing away from the kind of naked political flag-waving that had characterized his early verse. His ideological energy, moreover, was to a great extent absorbed by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the struggle against fascism during the Axis invasion, as it was later against the dictatorship of the Colonels: this not only left room for his always strong ethnocentrism (now legitimized as patriotic fervor), it also enabled him to avoid dealing with painful problems arising from the totalitarianism of the left.

His wartime propaganda looked forward to a glorious resurrection under EAM (the National Liberation Front), with himself as the Christ-like herald of the new era. But things turned out rather differently. The Resistance fighters whom Ritsos celebrated in *Romaiosyne* as the heirs of legendary figures such as Dighenis Akritas spent as much time fighting rival Greek guerrillas as they spent fighting the Germans. (The poem was written in 1945-47, but it was not published, understandably, until 1966.) Linked to the past by the threshing floors where "now are left olive-pits and the dried blood of the moon/and the fifteen-syllable report from their guns," Ritsos's heroes were also the Communist diehards who fought against government forces during the Civil War, and in 1949 were abandoned to their fate by Stalin, who had problems closer to home on his mind.

There was never any doubt where Ritsos stood in this struggle, and from 1948 to 1952 he suffered his first period of prison-island confinement at the Institute for National Re-education on Makrónisos, which attempted, in a bizarre parody of Communist methods, and vainly in Ritsos's case, to brainwash Marxists into becoming "good Greeks" and signing a "declaration of repentance." Here Ritsos learned the arts of subterfuge as well as endurance, painting on pebbles, burying surreptitiously scribbled poems in bottles, acquiring the harsh disciplines imposed by deprivation and solitude. The poems of this period are themselves harsh: short, spare, stony, jagged, a match for their context.

1 JUNE

In the morning
the horizon is
an orphanage's whitewashed facade.

Afternoon hangs
on the cripple's crutch
like an island sock full of holes.

At evening the slain
gather under the rocks
with a few notes on cigarette packs,
a few closely written cards in their shoes,
a few contraband stars in their eyes.

Above them the sky grows,
grows, deepens,
never exhausted.

(translated by Beverly Bardsley)

After his release in 1952, Ritsos enjoyed fifteen years of freedom and personal happiness. He married a Samiot doctor and had a daughter. ("Peace," he wrote, "is a glass of hot milk and a book in front of a waking child.") In 1956 his dramatic soliloquy "Moonlight Sonata" won the National Poetry Prize of Greece. The immensely fertile creative period that followed (1956-75) generated, among other works, another sixteen long poems of the same basic type as "Moonlight Sonata." It also witnessed a new and pervasive obsession with the mythic past and ancient history of Greece.

Edmund Keeley, who has worked hard, and with great skill, as a translator and a critic to bring Ritsos to a wider English-speaking audience, concentrates on this aspect of the poet in *Repetitions, Testimonies, Parentheses*, dating the phenomenon to the early '60s, when "the Greek political situation became more and more incoherent and finally resulted in a vicious dictatorship that cost the poet his personal freedom." It is true that Ritsos was, from 1967 until 1974, once more in and out of detention camps, on Gyaros and Leros, or subject to house arrest, or hospitalized; and that under this pressure of external stress, as Pandelis Prevelakis shrewdly noted, he created in his ancient mythic world an "elsewhere" (*allothi*) to deal with problems that he could not bring himself to face directly. It is also true, and most striking, that from the time of the junta's collapse this mythic world vanished from his poetry virtually overnight.

Ritsos had not always found it easy to reach back into the past. In 1939, even when writing about "an eternity of moonlight/above the masts of Troy and the pitchers of Aígina," he could state, bleakly, "the fisherman knew nothing about Homer." Even as late as *Chronicle* (1957), the allusions to the past still stress the *dis*continuity in tradition between the forgotten classical age and the modern world. But from *The Dead House* (1959), the first of his great Mycenaean monologues, and the short poems selected by Keeley from *Repetitions I* (1963-64) and *Testimonies II* (1964-65), Ritsos began, like his ubiquitous and matter-of-fact dead, to move with fluid ease between past and present.

It is interesting that this artistic change occurred long before his second period of incarceration under the Colonels. The incoherence of Greek politics can explain only so much. What really came under pressure in this period was Ritsos's faith in communism. Qualms about the Bukharin trials and the Nazi-

"An intellectual adventure of the first order, one not to be missed." –Phillip Lopate, *Newsday*

Freud's Moses

Judaism Terminable and Interminable

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi

"Impassioned and lucid.... Brilliant" –Michiko Kakutani, *The New York Times*

"Persuasive and absorbing."–Mark Edmundson, *Washington Post Book World*

Illus. $25.00

photo by Elsa Ruiz

Yale University Press

92A Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520

Learn Japanese On Your Own!

You can learn to speak Japanese on your own with *Audio-Forum's* self-instructional book/cassette course. Developed by Eleanor Harz Jorden, world-famous author, *Beginning Japanese* offers 11½ to 30 hours of recorded material, which is almost *50% more* than any other self-instructional Japanese course!

Course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Your cassette player becomes your "teaching machine." You learn where and when you want to, and at your own pace. Available in two parts, each is shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Beginning Japanese, Part 1.** 8 cassettes (11½ hr.) and 409-p. text, $175.

☐ **Beginning Japanese, Part 2.** 16 cassettes (19 hr.) and 410-p. text, $215.

(CT residents add sales tax)

Phone orders call toll-free: **1-800-243-1234**

To order, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order – or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

Unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks – if you are not fully satisfied, we'll refund every penny you've paid.

We offer 198 courses in 63 languages; send for free catalog. Our 19th year.

audio-forum®

Room 2233, 96 Broad Street
Guilford, CT 06437

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet pact of 1939 had been stifled by the necessities of war. Even the savagery of ELAS (the National Popular Liberation Army) in northern Greece during the Civil War could be similarly forgiven. But in 1956 Russian tanks rolled into Budapest, and Khrushchev made his attack on Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress. Between then and 1966, too, Ritsos, always alert to the particularities of life, traveled extensively in Warsaw Pact countries, and he is unlikely to have been oblivious to what he saw and heard. His poem "Peace," written in 1953 and dedicated to Várnalis, was beginning to acquire ironic overtones: its definition of peace as "when jails have been made over into libraries" might have made unkind critics wonder whether this prescription was meant to include the Lubyanka and assorted gulags. As a final irony, it was once more in island detention, at the Colonels' behest, that Ritsos learned about the brutal repression of Dubček's "Prague Spring."

This entire phase of Ritsos's creative life, the most brilliant and the most fertile, was marked, then, not only by external political oppression, but by severe inner conflict over his most fundamental beliefs. The central dilemma that he faced, the contradiction between his poetic integrity and his life of political commitment and action, put an almost intolerable strain on both his integrity and his commitment. The various masks, often ancient or mythical, that he used to "distance" himself from unbearable contemporary events are one of his best-known features. The process, in poetic terms, was beneficial: these formidable pressures were precisely what elicited from Ritsos his finest, most deeply felt work, just as carbon, under inconceivable intensity of force and heat, will coalesce to form a diamond.

With the return of democratic government to Greece, under Constantine Karamanlis, in 1974, the pressure was off Ritsos, this time for good. Yet freedom regained seems to have proved a mixed blessing. Even before 1967 (as Keeley reminds us), the issues had been far from clear-cut; and to that extent the Colonels' dictatorship came as a relief, setting up stark alternatives, black versus white. The enemy was clear. Of Papadopoulos and his cronies Ritsos might well have said, as his poetic mentor Cavafy had said of earlier barbarians, "These men were a kind of solution."

Once they were gone, old problems returned. And what they left in their wake was not so much a world without barbarians as one in which some of the worst barbarisms were committed by one's own. One of Ritsos's best-known poems, "The Distant," written early in 1975, and printed, in Keeley's superb translation, in both these volumes, reveals a symptomatic retreat from the harsh stony immediacies of prison camp or police state into an oddly vague cosmic void:

> O distant, distant; deep unapproachable;
> receive always
> the silent ones in their absence, in the
> absence of the others
> when the danger from the near ones, from
> the near itself, burdens...
> quiet invisible, without borrowing and
> lending, without obligations,
> nailing nails on the air, shoring up the
> world,
> in that deep inaction where music reigns.

"The Distant" set the tone for what followed. The brave new world beyond the barbed wire proved surprisingly tangential, private, domestic, occasional. Ritsos's work from 1975 until his death (well excerpted by Friar and Myrsiades) includes genre pieces on Monemvasia, a stream of marginal haiku-like notes and aphorisms ("You punched a hole in the paper;/the wind entered/and brought the poem"), and travel sketches (sometimes witty, as on the Vatican Museum: "I cannot endure—he said—so much beauty and so much sinful holiness"). There is occasional telltale nostalgia for the old, harsh days of suffering and endurance. But as the years pass, the outlook becomes bleaker ("weary faces, weary hands./A weary memory...").

And yet, in 1980-81, the unpredictable Ritsos produced one of his very finest major poems: a rich, tender, sensually complex sequence called simply *Erotica*. ("The poems I lived on your body in silence/will ask me one day for their voices when you have gone.") This intensely moving work found Ritsos at his lyrical peak. Written in his 70s, it invites—and it can sustain—comparison with the late, great poems of Yeats:

> Your body
> is a lookout, a large threshing floor on the
> summit of a hill—
> eleven snowwhite horses thresh through
> the sheaves of the Scriptures; the golden
> straws
> pin small mirrors on your hair, and the
> three rivers glitter
> where large black cows with adamantine
> crowns stoop,
> drink water, and weep. Your body is
> limitless.
> Your body is indescribable. And I want to
> describe it,
> to hold it tightly against my body, to
> contain it and be contained.
>
> (translated by K. Friar)

Thus Ritsos's enormous poetic output, which spans over sixty years of history, and largely coincides with the rise and fall of European communism, combines a broad range of poetic responses with a remarkable flexibility of form. Friar and Myrsiades deserve much credit for providing, in one volume, the first full-range sampling of this fecund, variegated, and highly original poet in English. But a sampling it remains. What is inevitably lost is that marvelous sense of structural, almost cosmic unity that Ritsos's collections offer when read *in extenso*, the long poems striking off, like sparks from an anvil, short vivid pieces with which they remain integrally connected.

Selection, too, is a highly personal matter. I looked in vain in these *Selected Poems* for several of my favorites, such as this from *Nyexis* ("Hints," say the translators, but "Sharp Reminders" is nearer) of 1970-71: "He carves the bones of horses. He creates/a tiny white horse. He leaves it on the table/beside the paper that awaits its poem." Or this haunting fragment, thrown off at the same time as the long monologue titled "The Return of Iphigeneia":

> There where the cricket chirrs clipped
> bursts of sound,
> there, at Mycenae's gate, past midnight,
> there
> returns the deer with the face of a young
> girl
> bathed half in shadow, half in moonlight,
> carrying on its forehead the folded bridal
> veil.

The alternative method, followed by Keeley, is to go for one particular aspect of Ritsos's poetry, in this case the work that exploits Greece's classical past, the interpenetration of ancient and modern in a series of timeless mythic expositions. As we have seen, this genre was restricted to a phase of Ritsos's life, from the late 1950s until about 1975, when he was under great pressure from immediate events. There is a kind of unity here, but it is limited and potentially misleading: whatever Ritsos may have been, he was no idealizer of antiquity. Keeley's collection also restricts itself (like too many translations of Ritsos) to short poems. I wish that he had strengthened his impressive assembly of classicizing poems from *Repetitions* and *Testimonies*—many of them previously untranslated, and only just published even in Greece—with at least some of the long polyphonic choral pieces or mythic soliloquies such as *Teiresias*, or *The Annihilation of Melos*, or *Philoctetes*, the last well translated for Friar and Myrsiades by Bien. Instead, Keeley has bulked out the volume by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reprinting en bloc the contents of *Ritsos in Parentheses*, his 1979 collection. While it is good to have these (non-classical) poems available again, I think a real opportunity to explore fully an important aspect of Ritsos's work has been missed.

Even so, we get a very great deal. "Deep memories—a name, a place, a stone fragment—" and then the w[illegible]known at noon, who removes his cap and "hangs it up ... beside the ages"; or Nausicaa dreaming of the naked Odysseus—"I want nothing more/than to remove, one by one, the little pebbles/that stuck to the soles of his bare feet/and to put this flower I'm holding against my breast between his toes"; or the old sailor at the dedication of the *Argo* in Corinth, sloping off, bored and contemptuous, to urinate among the trees; or Demosthenes' suicide, in flight from the agents of Macedonia, on Poros—"the most difficult, the greatest art of all: to be silent" (written in 1969); or the legend of Orpheus and Euridice exploding in surrealist horror, so that when Orpheus looks back what he sees are three airmen with a suitcase—"inside it were her two severed hands and my manuscripts." The images are unforgettable: jagged mountain ridges like "the teeth of the hungry," a circus facade that seems to be "a huge set of false teeth," hair that is "caught up in the sun's fingers," slices of lemon suggesting "yellow wheels for a very small carriage," jacket-buttons that "gleam like scattered laughter." If these poems lack the tidal ebb and flow of the great monologues, they still catch, again and again, the bright immediacy of experience, and invest it with a unique vision.

"I hide behind simple things so you'll find me," Ritsos once wrote. "If you don't find me, you'll find the things,/you'll touch what my hand has touched." These lines resonate with added meaning, after the poet's death, as one explores his vivid, multicolored (a favorite epithet) world of *objets trouvés*, pregnant moments, metaphysical insights that you can touch, taste, smell, like a Greek spring morning—what Eliot called the intersection of the timeless with time. It is hard not to think of Ritsos as one of his own busy, intrusive ghosts, silently banging about behind the furniture, peering through mirrors, nibbling hungrily at ironwork, doorways, stone slabs, hogging all the best corners, sniffing the rich steam in the kitchen.

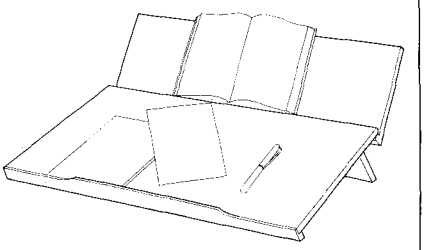
His ubiquitous statues, too, similarly erase the distinctions between past and present, living and dead. Ritsos takes these stiff white emblems of a Gorgonized antiquity, swells their veins with blood, sets them strolling nonchalantly through public parks, lets them out of dry wells at night to climb trees, dumps them mysteriously in cafés. "Statues," he wrote in 1971, "never betray, but only reveal." In a poem significantly titled "Face or Mask?" (1967), the sculptor muses "Now I forget/who is me and who the statue." In a time of oppression the statues are rotting or broken, wear nooses, weep stone tears. As Friar reminds us, they offer a paradigm of the human condition transmuted into art.

But if these dead figures, the gods and the oracles of the past, possess obstinate life, they are also portrayed, not least in *Repetitions, Testimonies, Parentheses*, as gone beyond recall, hopelessly echoing Delphi's *cri de coeur* to Julian the Apostate. Divine intervention is no longer even imaginable. The search through mythology (this in 1968) "for some deeper correlation, some distant, general allegory/to soothe the narrowness of the personal void" yields nothing: two poems on "The End of Dodona" catch marvelously the terrible tension between the rational dismissal of superstition and the appalling and irreplaceable loss of spiritual comfort that such dismissal inevitably entails. The bleak lesson of late antiquity is left hanging in air for latter-day atheists and ideologists to ponder.

Ritsos's poetry has always had an intensely religious streak in it, which his passionate devotion to the natural world, a kind of bright-eyed secular pantheism, could only partially satisfy. Once the gods could be relied on to tidy up human affairs. Orestes and Iphigeneia got their *congé* from Tauris by Athena's fiat—"but now the gods are gone, and we fear the worst." The land of the Hyperboreans turns out to be a mythical fiction. Where, then, does Apollo go in the winter? Does Apollo even exist? "Still, we go on composing the half-finished paean,/leaving a blank space for the honored name in case/a new one is found."

Nowhere does Ritsos's debt to Cavafy emerge more clearly. But for the most part he avoids Cavafy's favorite territory of late antiquity, Hellenistic or Byzantine, concentrating instead on the early mythic world portrayed by Homer, Pindar, and the Attic tragedians (though he makes an exception in favor of Apollonius Rhodius on Jason's quest for the Golden Fleece, a literary epic that offered him ample scope to exploit the anti-heroic). His-

Inclined to Work



It's no accident that artists and draftsmen work on inclined surfaces. It lessens fatigue and increases productivity. So why don't professional readers and writers use inclined surfaces? They should, and with our new Editor's Desk, they can. Its 14"-by-25" writing surface slopes at the ideal angle for writing (19 degrees), while the bookrest above holds reading matter at the perfect distance and angle. Try one and you'll never labor over a flat desk again. Made in America of solid hard rock maple. Comes partially assembled.

Sale Price: $99 (Regularly $129) + $8.75 shipping via UPS ground
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NRED2, Delray, FL 33445

The World's Largest Record Catalog

Discover the convenience of shopping from home for any CD or tape in print. Our 240 pages of Rock, Jazz, Classical & Opera recordings is the world's largest music catalog. You'll find everything from Basie to Wagner, The Beatles to U-2.

BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG

Now you can order your music by toll-free phone and get quick (UPS) home delivery.

Send $6.00 (refundable on your first order from the catalog) for our 50,000 title catalog with $50 in merchandise credits. New subscribers get 1 year of update catalogs **FREE**, covering new releases and musical specials. Absolutely no obligation or unrequested shipments.

Call ☎ 1-800-233-6357
or send to
Bose Express Music, W991,
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701
Fax: 508-875-0604

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory has its grim lessons: "Dry Thucydides will tell you more than elaborate Xenophon." Sex is in the air here, as always with Ritsos (whose feminine impersonations have an uncanny plausibility). While the great stone phalluses are being set up on Delos, "behind the shutters the girls, standing,/tied their hair in knots around their nipples." Heracles and Hylas contrive to be accidentally left behind by the Argonauts in order to enjoy a little leisurely passion. Blind Phineus finds himself missing the Harpies and the noise of the Clashing Rocks, just as exiled Alcibiades and Athens are shown missing each other (in a poem full of historical inaccuracies, deliberate or accidental). And there are Ritsos's customary anachronisms: witches with coffee cups, Eumelos dying while the radio plays.

Some of the poems, like the long monologue *Philoctetes*, have a very personal and immediate application. After the Colonels' coup in 1967, Ritsos felt a deep sense of having been deserted by his friends, and so there is a kind of crypto-martyrology latent in his writing of the time. Heroic Theseus dies ignored and betrayed; Bellerophon's fall from Pegasus is accompanied by envy and slander; Asclepius, for his presumption in bringing the dead back to life (as Ritsos habitually did in his poetry), is struck by lightning. As Keeley says, in Ritsos's hands an ancient source can often be "a metaphor for the sense of confusion, futility, oppression, or downright despair." The prison camps were indeed, as he writes, his diplomas.

But at the same time his poetry, even in the darkest days, displays an unquenchable vitality, a rapturous delight in the variety of the natural world. Cheerfulness, despite everything, keeps breaking in. To read Ritsos is to enter a total and sustaining world: intense, complex in its simplicities, linking the cosmic and the diurnal ("Turning on its spit, the Galaxy is fragrant/with burnt fat, garlic, and pepper ..."), rife with mystery, ambiguities, juxtapositions. Joy in the human condition can spark one kind of passion, which is the anger at man's inhumanity to man, but it can also strike another, which is the celebration of the sensuous intimacies of individuals. Friar gets it right when he says of Ritsos that "he sees all human struggle with a humane and participating passion." This quality is brilliantly caught by Keeley's always sympathetic translations, and by several of the contributors to Friar and Myrsiades' anthology. It is one of the things that makes Ritsos a great poet, and should win him a wider following among English-language readers, who in recent years have had a surfeit of depression and nihilism.

In 1988, reverting at the end of his life to myth, Ritsos saw "the black double-oared boat with its dark boatman drawing near." Louis MacNeice, another death-obsessed poet, knew the occupant of that boat well: "... His eyes were dead and his hands on the oar/were black with obols and varicose veins/marbled his calves and he said to us coldly:/If you want to die you will have to pay for it." Ritsos paid more, over a long lifetime, than most writers are ever called upon to do, but the legacy that he left is imperishable.

PETER GREEN is the author most recently of *Alexander of Macedon, 356-323 B.C.: A Historical Biography* (University of California Press). His translation, with Beverly Bardsley, of Ritsos's *The Fourth Dimension* is forthcoming from Princeton University Press.

Without Foundations

BY ROBERT B. REICH

Underwriting Democracy by George Soros

(Free Press, 258 pp., $22.95)

What's the relationship between the boom and bust cycles of the stock market and the rise and fall of Soviet communism? In this quirky but not uninteresting book, George Soros—financier, philanthropist, self-styled statesman and political philosopher—attempts to explain. A person's understanding of economics or politics, you see, is always distorted by his or her particular perceptions and biases. And those distortions affect the economic choices or the political choices that he or she makes. If enough people share the same biases, economics and politics both succumb to self-fulfilling trends in which public perceptions diverge ever more widely from underlying realities. Eventually, however, the gap between perception and reality can no longer be sustained. There occurs a sudden and dramatic reversal. In the economic sphere, this can be seen in the speculative bubbles followed by the crashes or the market depressions or worse; and in politics it can mean movements toward centralized control followed by radical decentralization, or even anarchy.

According to Soros, these cycles are less extreme in open, democratic, capitalist societies than in closed, totalitarian ones. Democratic societies possess a multitude of self-correcting mechanisms that prevent perceptions from diverging too widely from realities. The economy avoids the most extreme forms of boom and bust because people are free to detach themselves and their assets from failing enterprises, and to shift them to more successful activities. And successful activities may lure assets their way by touting their own advantages and revealing the truth about the activities that fail—all this long before the system falls apart. And politics within a democratic society avoids the extremes of repression and revolution because democratic institutions, such as the free press and the research university, puncture mythologies and invite critical inquiry long before perceptions get too far out of line. In totalitarian societies, however, where assets cannot be shifted easily, and where critical thought is discouraged, the gap between beliefs and facts can widen perilously. Hence the specter of economic collapse and political chaos such as now haunts the Soviet Union.

I may not be doing justice to Soros's thesis. It is a curious mixture of Popper, Friedman, Hegel, and chaos theory, and so it may be more complicated or more confused than such a summary can suggest. Still, I have reread what Soros calls his "theory of history" several times now (it forms the second half of his book and underlies much of the autobiographical essay in the first half), and still do not get much more out of it than the epitome I have just given.

Soros, it appears, is not a simple man. The same duality that fascinates him in economics and politics—the contrast between perception and reality—appears to be embedded in his own story. Born a Jew in pre-war Hungary, he escaped Nazi persecution by living

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under assumed names during the German occupation. In 1947 he went to England, and circumstances demanded that, despite his fine education, he work at a variety of menial jobs. In 1965 he made his way to the United States, where he eventually became a fabulously successful investment banker, apparently by means of a contrarian investment strategy that exploited the tendencies of other investors to confuse perceptions and realities. His book, *The Alchemy of [illegible]*, was on *The New York Times* best-seller list for many weeks.

Soros claims that through it all he was more interested in changing the world than in making money. Several years ago he began using his fortune to underwrite democracy behind the late Iron Curtain—in Hungary, then in other Eastern European nations, and finally in the Soviet Union and China. He distributed the money through what were purported to be small, apolitical grant-making foundations, but in fact were highly subversive agents of democratic change, managed by indigenous liberals whom Soros somehow was able to find. (Again, perception versus reality.)

The Soros foundations utilized the political equivalent of high-leverage financing. They funded projects that, although modest, tended to undermine established dogma and to serve as a refuge for critical thought: amateur theaters, historical restorations, photocopying machines, visits to the United States by dissident intellectuals, conferences with Western intellectuals. "My main objective," he writes, was "helping to build the infrastructure and institutions that are lacking in a closed society but are indispensable to the functioning of an open society."

As communism began to collapse, first in Eastern Europe and then in the Soviet Union, Soros shifted to a more direct strategy. In a whirlwind of meetings with high-level officials in these nations and in the United States, he has given advice, drawn up plans, issued warnings, cajoled, negotiated. "My original objective has been obtained: the Communist system is well and truly dead. My new objective is the establishment of an open society in its stead." *His* objective? The tone is extraordinary. There appears to be something of a tension between Soros's rather deterministic view of political economics and his own sense of his influence upon events. Is Soros riding the long wave of history that he describes—witnessing firsthand the inevitable and indigenous "collapse" of closed societies and the halting beginnings of open ones—or is he making history? What is his perception? What is reality?

Soros, in short, is not unduly modest. He has become, he confides, a "public figure," "a stateless statesman ... working for the common good of mankind," "one of the best-liked nonfiction writers in the Soviet Union," and so on. In places his book reads as if it is fresh off a vanity press. As Soros chronicles his accomplishments, propounds his ideas, documents his seminal role in recent history (the "basic conception of the Shatalin Plan is the same as the one I have propounded"), and belittles contemporaries who also claim the mantle of philosopher-statesman ("Attali continues to behave as his own worst enemy, creating animosity at every step"), the reader is given the impression of a talented man who no longer knows where the boundary lies between himself and a grandiose fantasy of himself. Or knows, but no longer cares: "If truth be known, I carried some rather potent messianic fantasies with me from childhood which I felt I had to control, otherwise they might get me into trouble. But when I had made my way in the world I wanted to indulge my fantasies to the extent that I could afford."

Finally Soros stops celebrating himself, though, and provides some interesting notions when he turns to an analysis of the causes of the Soviet Union's collapse, and of what it needs from the West in order to build a foundation of democratic capitalism. He argues that Gorbachev failed to understand a basic truth: that it was not enough to dismantle the Stalinist system of political repression and central economic planning. The transformation into a truly democratic and capitalist society required an executive power capable of creating new institutions such as representative assemblies and markets. Democratic governments and free markets do not thrive under conditions of chaos.

Gorbachev assumed that the old system was holding back progress, and that he needed only to remove the constraints. But when glasnost revealed the yawning gap between public perceptions and Soviet realities, the system began to collapse of its own weight, with nothing to replace it. Gorbachev's subsequent reforms only accelerated the process of disintegration. "The most important error ... was the decision to decentralize prematurely." Decentralization was valued for its own sake. Without legitimate power at the center, however, the process of change could not be managed in a way that promoted democracy or capitalism.

Soros's notion that Gorbachev decentralized too early may seem distinctly odd in the light of recent events, which seem to have justified the views of those who believe that he decentralized too late; but it is at least arguable that the causes of democracy and capitalism could have been better promoted by a quicker and more enlightened transformation at the center. In any event, those who had opposed the Soviet system because it thwarted their nationalist ambitions are now unfettered, with the result that nationalism may be supplanting liberty and democracy as primary political goals. Meanwhile, the absence of an efficient market system to replace the crumbling edifice of central planning has led to runaway inflation, shortages, and profiteering. Entrepreneurs can now make more money by exploiting anomalies in the system than by investing in new production.

Soros believes that the best political outcome would be for the Soviet Union to convert itself into a confederation, like the British Commonwealth—a coor-

Skater

Not a sound but the creak of ice,
the screeking of white leather;
Not a sound but a huffing of breath;
skater alone here, age twelve, silent
arms symmetrical as branches and hands
counterweights adjusting her balance,
higher, or lower, riding the glide
of the body; not a notion but the narrow
feel of the stiff boots and the quickness
of steel skating the rough ice with
a guttering sound, she begins a long
curve,
on one foot, on the outside edge,
free leg a pendulum swung at the turn:
This is The Figure Eight. Finished,
she looks back, fists tucking the waist,
begins again
the continuous figure.
Picture a woman of middle age,
drowsy among the squeaks of age
and the sharper precision of memory;
picture the pen nib skating a page,
the sound of scratches and looping.
A cold draft from the past steadies
the skater, sets a blade deeper
into the ice, on the inside edge; the pen
draws its figure: Little skater
dipped in ink, curving back along this
long figure, passing smoothly, pressing
her likeness into the icy page, look in,
look out, knowing what it is
to be alone with the feel
of that steel neatly cutting
the fresh surface.

JEAN ALICE JACOBSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dinated form of decentralization; and that the best economic outcome is for it to become tightly integrated into Western economies. Both outcomes depend, he argues, on assistance from the West. The ruble could be stabilized by an infusion of $25 billion, which would buy up what are now essentially worthless rubles in the hands of the Soviet population—rubles in excess of goods that can be purchased with them. Soros also suggests a special fund that would allow Western investors to convert ruble profits earned by supplying the domestic market; Western enterprises providing domestic distribution and financial services would be given preference. Such measures may strike the reader as considerably less than a full-fledged program for the economic transformation of the Soviet Union, but they would at least form a foundation on which the institutions and the attitudes of a free market could be constructed. The creation of a free market inside what used to be called the Soviet Union is not the responsibility of the West, of course.

His political argument for Western aid is far vaguer. He asserts that such help would "reinforce" Soviet reformers who want to transform the nation into an open society. "Aid would raise hopes and slow down the process of disintegration." Perhaps Soros is back to perceptions and realities: money from the West would create the perception that the Soviet Union was back on track, well on its way to being integrated into the Western capitalist system, and such a perception could be self-fulfilling.

Too bad Soros doesn't give more attention to exactly how the West might help the Soviet Union become a truly open democratic society. His analysis appears to be sorely limited by his experience. Having helped to sow the seeds of democracy in the East, and having learned the importance of how Western aid is delivered (as opposed to the absolute amount of such aid: his foundations were highly leveraged, wielding great influence on a shoestring), Soros doesn't look much beyond his personal lessons. But shifting the current debate from how much money the West should provide to what actions by the West would assist the Soviet transition would be a worthy contribution. There is now something of a cottage industry, for example, in sending delegations of American lawyers, political scientists, and economists to the Soviet Union in order to lecture the Soviets about the wonders of the American system, and simultaneously bringing groups of Soviet reformers and potential leaders back here for similar rounds of lectures. Do these efforts profit anything? (Several weeks ago I lectured thirty Soviet generals on the U.S. Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the rule of law, and I am certain only that the generals took copious notes.)

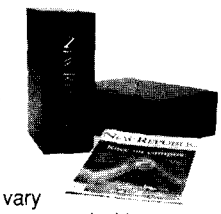
And there is, of course, the issue of whether the transition to democratic capitalism will ever really occur. Suddenly Soros hedges his bets. In places he expresses all the optimism and the excitement of a full-blooded venture capitalist. But elsewhere he sounds almost apocalyptic. "The chance of replacing the Soviet Union with a new kind of union capable of generating popular support has been irretrievably lost. Popular support is crystallizing around local or national centers, and the attempts to preserve the union will have to take a dictatorial turn. The prospects are for repression or chaos or a succession or combination of both."

History is moving too quickly for writers and publishers to keep up, and Soros should not be faulted for failing to predict what has already occurred. He is hardly alone in this. Still, after reading this maddeningly vague book, and considering the tepid responses of the West to the cataclysmic changes in the East, one cannot but feel that history is passing all of us by. At a time when the leaders of the capitalist world should be concentrating their energies on bringing the collapsing Communist world into the fold, we have little to show but limp exhortations—of a Wall Street contrarian, of a Pennsylvania Avenue conformist. •

CLASSIC T-SHIRTS!
Beethoven, Confucius, Da Vinci, Jung, J.F.K., Mozart, Shakespeare, Cheshire Cat, Twain, Darwin, Van Gogh, Gandhi, Nietzsche, Poe, Thoreau, Austen, Sherlock Holmes, others.
T-Shirt: (white or lt. blue) $12.75, 4/$46.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23, 2/$44.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL. **Ship:** $2.25 per order.
Illustrated brochure: 75¢
Historical Products, Box 220 C L Cambridge, MA 02238

Stunning, erotic, magazine with book catalogue. $7.50 for sample. P.O.Box 6508NR, Berkeley, California 94706.

PROTECT YOUR COPIES OF THE NEW REPUBLIC



These custom-made titled cases are ideal to protect your valuable copies of *The New Republic* from damage. They're designed to hold a year's issues (may vary with issue sizes), constructed with reinforced board, and covered with durable leather-like material in flag blue. Title is hot-stamped in silver and cases are V-notched for easy access.

1–$7.95 3–$21.95 6–$39.95

The New Republic
Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. TNR
499 East Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

Enclosed is $_____ for ____cases. Add $1.00 per case for postage and handling. Outside USA $2.50 per case (US funds only). PA residents add 6% sales tax.

Print
Name _____
Address _____
No P.O. Box Numbers Please
City _____
State/Zip _____

CHARGE ORDERS (Minimum $15): AmEx, Visa, MC, DC accepted. Send card name, #, Exp. date.
Call Toll Free 7 days, 24 hrs,1-800-825-6690.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 4*

government, and universities trip over each other to get to the till. Despite their never-ending claims that conducting research for the federal government is a money-losing proposition, departments and individual faculty are judged on the basis of the amount of federal money they are able to bring in.

One does not have to hold that universities are rapacious institutions or deserving of "punishment" to believe that national priorities might be better served by shifting some funding from administrators to researchers. The issue is complex, and the OMB solution may well be draconian, but your reporter should have been more wary about swallowing whole the perspective of university administrators and their lobbyists.

SHERWOOD BOEHLERT
Washington, D.C.

The writer is a U.S. representative from New York.

Gentler kindergarten

To the editors:

I'm sure that my neck hairs curled along with other readers at Kay Hymowitz's description of some absurd practices that attempt to keep young children free of all the prejudices that beset the human race ("Babar the Racist," August 19 & 26). As appalling as most of these examples are, it should also be said that for both parents and early childhood practitioners the problems that they address are both real and difficult to solve. Parents and teachers who don't want to perpetuate racial and sexual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stereotypes are hard pressed to find solutions that are both realistic and appropriate to the child's level of development. As a former head teacher in the Mills College Laboratory School, I have spent untold hours with colleagues discussing the merits of intervention and non-intervention in the ways that children work these things out.

Tolerance can be *learned* by young children through their play, but as a value it is more effectively *taught* at a later time in their development.

JOY WATSON
Sequim, Washington

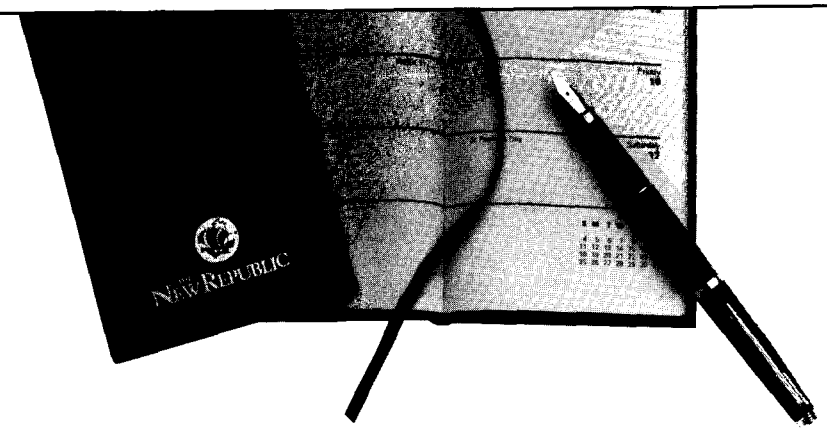
To the editors:

Recently I received a phone call from a reporter for *Fortune* and was bewildered by her references to a recent article in TNR, in which I had been quoted extensively. I could not imagine what I, a happily obscure college professor, could possibly have done or said that would be of the least interest to the readership of TNR. It soon became clear that I had joined the ranks of the (gasp) POLITICALLY CORRECT. The ever vigilant PC patrol had uncovered my work in early childhood education.

Some of the words in the article echoed those I had written in a book, *Teaching and Learning in a Diverse World*, published almost five years ago, but the tone and meaning had been changed. For example, a proposal to celebrate a Family Day and to downplay Mother's and Father's Days because many children do not live in traditional two-parent households had become a condemnation of Mother's Day as a "regressive symbol of sexist organization of labor." A caution to teachers to be aware of the cultural values that are expressed in children's toys had been interpreted as a ban on all construction toys in the sandbox. In general, my advice to teachers to broaden their curricula and to help children develop a wider and more accepting view of the world had been transformed into a preachy, narrow-minded set of rules.

According to the author, my work, among others, represents the newest wave of "extrasensitive pedagogy." In fact, multicultural education has been a mainstay of early childhood education for more than two decades. I published my first "politically correct" article in 1979. When I was trying to get my book published in the mid-1980s, several editors dismissed the topic as passé. I also learned from the article that the Gorse Child Studies Center (located in South Hadley, Massachusetts) was located in the town of Mount Holyoke. With timely and accurate reporting like this, we PCers have little to fear.

PATRICIA G. RAMSEY
South Hadley, Massachusetts



Announcing
The New Republic
1992 Pocket Diary

For the past few years, we have been giving pocket diaries, embossed in gold with The New Republic name and logo, to our writers and editors and special friends in the media. The diaries have been so popular that we have decided to make them available to our subscribers at a low cost, only $10.95 each.

The diaries are made by Letts of London, whose diaries were favored by Charles Dickens and George Bernard Shaw. Each diary includes weekly calendars with space to write down daily appointments, plus a wine vintage chart, a list of important toll-free telephone numbers, a list of world holidays, metric equivalents, a calorie counter, fifteen blank pages for notes, telephone numbers, and addresses, and more.

The pages are edged in gilt and carry a silken page marker. The diary itself is dark blue with featherweight light-blue pages.

It's elegant and easy to use. The cost to non-subscribers is $12.95, but we're offering it to subscribers for just $10.95, *including* postage.

Available to Our Subscribers for a limited Time

YES, Send me the New Republic pocket diary immediately. (Please allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery.)

☐ I am a subscriber, $10.95

☐ I am not a subscriber, $12.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Write to: Pocket Diary, The New Republic
1220 19th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036

Check or Money-Order must accompany each order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

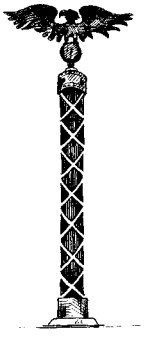
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Miata culpa

THE CONFESSIONAL MODE HAS BEcome increasingly popular at TNR. In recent months various authors have gone public with a variety of admissions: heavy drinking, illegal drug use, insomnia, baldness, gayness, and prudishness, to name a mere smattering. This week Scott Shuger discusses with excruciating candor his recent vasectomy. I have been trying to persuade a friend not to plead guilty in print to what is certainly a felony, entertaining though I'm sure his story would be. Knowing that I had a diarist coming up, I have been searching the depths of my consciousness, trying to think of a closet to come out of. Alas, I retain my hair, am heterosexual, have had no amusing operations, sleep well, and am not aware of any addictions. My religious background comes as no surprise. Is there a twelve-step program for the slightly boring?

I ENDORSE THE COMPLAINT THAT Lina Accurso has filed with the Federal Election Commission about Randy Travis's song "Point of Light," which recently reached No. 3 on the Billboard country chart. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, Accurso, a free-lance writer who lives in New York, thinks the single qualifies as political advertising since Roger Ailes produced the video and Sig Rogich, the White House image-maker, came up with the idea and helped to write the lyrics ("If you see what's wrong and you try to make it right / You will be a point of light"). The FEC has, however, rejected the complaint, ruling that the song and video "neither expressly advocate the election of, nor solicit contributions on behalf of, Mr. Bush." Aren't we being a tad literal here? If this isn't a campaign spot, I don't know what is. Ailes, like Lee Atwater when he was alive, loves to natter about how Republicans should target readers of the *National Enquirer*. In Randy Travis, he has found the perfect check-out line propagandist.

THE LATEST PLAN TO COUNTER the Ailes-Atwater style of campaigning is "Nine Sundays: A Proposal for Better Presidential Campaign Coverage," published by the Joan Shorenstein Barone Center on the Press, Politics, and Public Policy at the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University (whew). The introduction by Marvin Kalb, the center's director, begins with the familiar complaints about how the 1988 campaign revolved around nine-second sound bites that trivialized democracy. On the other hand, it might be said that such sound bites are more edifying than prose generated by the Barone Center. Of the stretch from Labor Day until Election Day, Kalb writes: "It is in this finite period of time, with increasing interest week after week, like a metronome beating time to the quickening pace of the political process, that the American people begin to devote more of their attention to a rather key question. Who will be their next President?" Archness and convolution aside, doesn't Kalb know what a metronome is? The point is that it beats out a steady tempo, not a quickening one. But never mind.



THE REPORT ITSELF, BY consultant John Ellis, proposes an "orderly process through which candidates could and/or would address the major issues facing the country." As spelled out, this would mean extended weekly interviews and debates involving the candidates for nine weeks. According to the proposal, Peter Jennings and others from ABC would interview the Democratic nominee on national security issues for half an hour; Bernard Shaw of CNN would then interview the Republican for the same length of time. ABC would be required to broadcast the interviews while the other networks would have a choice. The following week Tom Brokaw and an NBC crew would interview the candidates on "Nat. Culture," whatever that means. Then a debate, then back to the interviews, then another debate. Is there enough caffeine in North America? And can Bill Moyers be far behind? The real problem with this scheme, however, is one it has in common with the electoral systems that political scientists often devise for Third World countries: it is much too complicated to make sense to anyone other than a political scientist. If such an arrangement were adopted, it is impossible to imagine it not degenerating into an endless wrangle about procedure, topics, and ground rules. There is also little incentive for the front-runner to participate. If it did somehow come off, the system would be primarily a boon to the three networks—now fading in importance, they would become all-powerful referees in such a mediated process. All that aside, it's one of the Kennedy School's most brilliant plans.

IS IT MY IMAGINATION, OR ARE CAR names getting stupider? Two that amuse me especially are the Ford Probe, which I imagine on its way to a congressional hearing on auto safety, and the Honda Prelude, which sounds like it ought to be driven by Wordsworth or J.S. Bach. Upon examination, most stupid car names fall into three categories: (1) real but pretentious or ill-suited English words; (2) real but malapropos foreign words; and (3) fake words, foreign and English. Category 1 includes the Chevy Caprice, the Chevy Citation, the Isuzu Impulse, the Plymouth Acclaim, the Honda Accord, and the Mazda Protégé, all of which sound like entries on a tenth-grade vocabulary list. You can judge how silly they are by substituting simpler words that mean the same thing. Would anyone drive a Chevy Whim, a Footnote, an Urge, a Praise, an Agreement, or a Follower? Along the same lines, Honda is now selling something called the Vigor, which sounds like it should run on Geritol, or be road-tested against a Toyota Vim. More alarming are the Reliant Scimitar, which conjures visions of Turkish highway justice, the Mitsubishi Mirage (I knew I should have locked it), the Isuzu Stylus, which might do well on a round track at 33⅓ miles per hour, and the Mercury Sable, which ought to be either skinned and worn as a winter coat, or sliced and served on a bagel with cream cheese.

IN CATEGORY 2 (SILLY FOREIGN words), my favorites are the Plymouth Tourismo, which wears Bermuda shorts, and the Dodge Aries, which I have been misreading as the Arles (driven only once by mad Post-Impressionist painter). In the last category (fake words) the Japanese and Koreans have triumphed, inventing the Mitsubishi Starion, the Montero, and the Diamante, the Nissan Sentra and Maxima, the Toyota Camry and Supra, the Acura Integra (a double whammy), the Infiniti, Lexus, Mazda Miata and Amati, and the Subaru Loyale and Justy. In Japan, I am told, there is even a Suzuki Cultus (popular in Jonestown), and a Nissan Cedric (can the Nigel be far off?). But my favorite of all is the Daihatsu Charade. What happens when it collides with a Mirage is for the insurance company to determine.

JACOB WEISBERG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How nuclear energy benefits a typical family of four.

Every year, the ospreys return to their wildlife preserve around the nuclear electric plant near Waterford, Connecticut, where nesting platforms have been built for them by the local utility.

It's one more example of how peacefully nuclear energy coexists with the environment. Because America's 111 operating nuclear plants don't burn anything to generate electricity, they don't pollute the air. They don't produce any greenhouse gases, either.

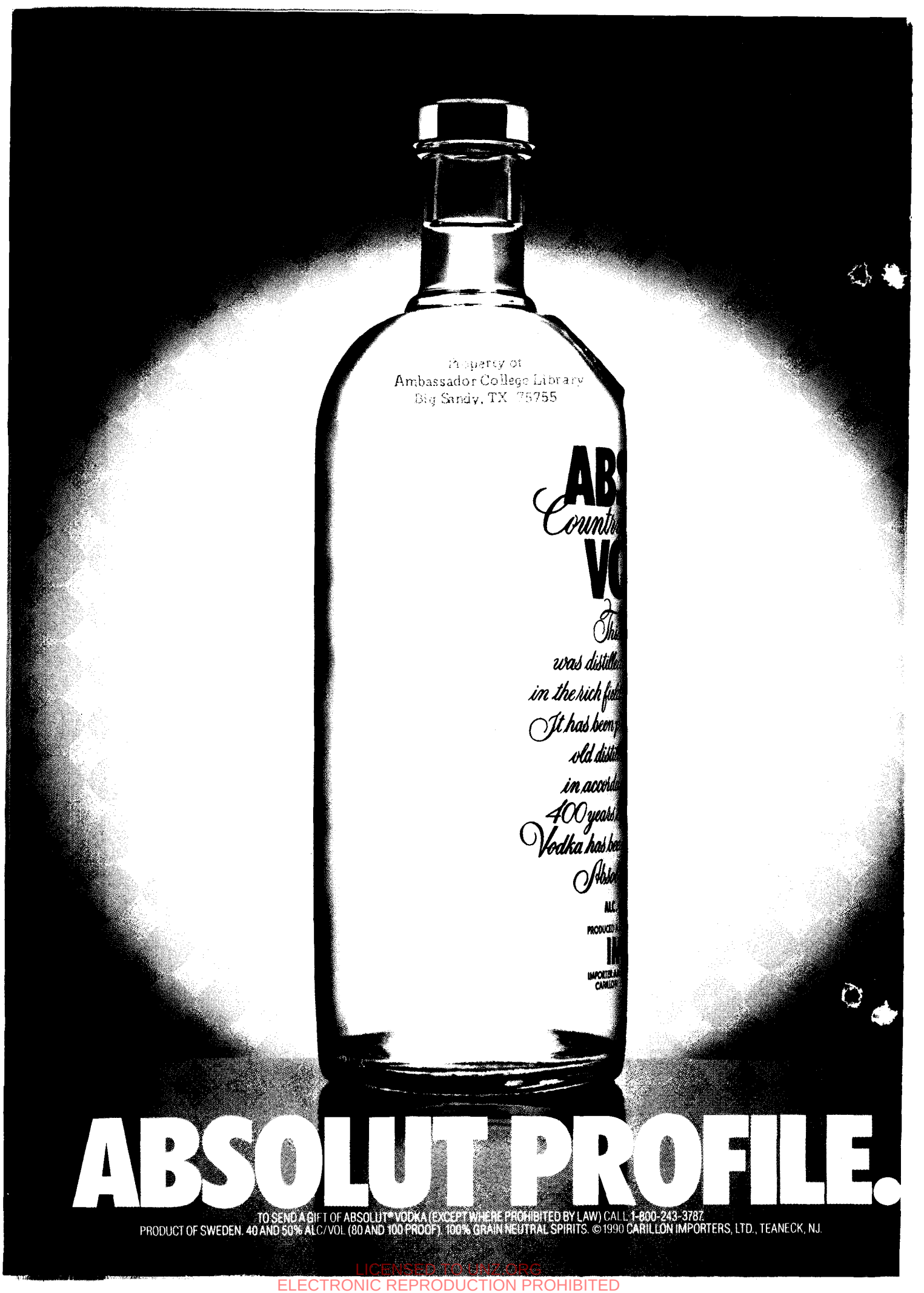
To help satisfy the nation's growing need for electricity without sacrificing the quality of our environment, we need more nuclear plants. For your family, and others as well.

If you'd like more information, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66080, Dept. OS21, Washington, D.C. 20035.

Nuclear energy means cleaner air.

© 1991 USCEA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755
ABSOLUT PROFILE.
TO SEND A GIFT OF ABSOLUT® VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787.
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1990 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED